

M^{rs} Yates in the Character of Eurypdice.



Why Love renounc'd thee ere thou saw'st the light:

Scen. Sculp.

Published by Hurdson, No. 1, May 1760.

Act 1st

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OE D I P U S.

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T R A G E D Y.

As it is Acted at the

T H E A T R E S - R O Y A L

I N

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

Written by DRYDEN and LEE.

Hi proprium decus & partum indignantur honorem,
Ni teneant—

VIRG.

Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.

HORAT.



L O N D O N:

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M DCC LXXX.

PROLOGUE.

WHEN Athens all the Grecian states did guide,
And Greece gave laws to all the world be-
side,

Then Sophocles and Socrates did sit,
Supreme in wisdom one, and one in wit:
And wit from wisdom differ'd not in those,
But as 'twas sung in verse, or said in prose.
Then OEdipus, on crowded theatres,
Drew all admiring eyes, and list'ning ears:
The pleas'd spectator shouted every line,
The noblest, manliest, and the best design!
And every critic of each learned age,
By this just model has reform'd the stage.
Now, should it fail, (as Heav'n avert our fear!)
Damn it in silence, lest the world should hear;
For were it known this poem did not please,
You might set up for perfect savages:
Your neighbours would not look on you as men,
But think the nation all turn'd Picts again.
Faith, as you manage matters, 'tis not fit,
You should suspect yourselves of too much wit.
Drive not the jest too far, but spare this piece:
And, for this once, be not more wise than Greece.
See twice; do not pell-mell to damning fall,
Like true-born Britons, who ne'er think at all.
Pray, be advis'd; and though at Mens you won,
On pointed cannon do not always run.
With some respect to ancient wits proceed:
You take the four first councils for your creed,
But when you lay tradition wholly by,
And on the private spirit alone rely,
You turn sanatics in your poetry.
If, notwithstanding all that we can say,
You needs will have your penni-worths of the play,
And come resolv'd to damn, because you pay,
Record it, in memorial of the fact,
The first play bury'd since the woollen act.

EPILOGUE.

WHAT Sophocles could undertake alone,
Our poets found a work for more than one;
And therefore two lay tugging at the piece,
With all their force, to draw the pond'rous mass from
Greece.

A weight that bent e'en Seneca's strong muse,
And which Corneille's shoulders did refuse.
So hard it is th' Athenian harp to string;
So much two consuls yield to one just king.

Terror and pity this whole poem sway;
The mightiest machines that can mount a play.
How heavy will those vulgar souls be found,
Whom two such engines cannot move from ground!
When Greece and Rome have smil'd upon this birth,
You can but damn for one poor spot of earth;
And when your children find your judgment such,
They'll scorn their fires, and all wish themselves born
Dutch:

Each haughty poet will infer with ease,
How much his wit must underwrite to please.
As some strange churl would brandishing advance
The monumental sword that conquer'd France;
So you, by judging this, your judgment teach,
Thus far you like, that is, thus far you reach.
Since, then, the vote of full two thousand years
Has crown'd this plot, and all the dead are theirs,
Think it a debt you pay, not alms you give,
And, in your own defence, let this play live.
Think them not vain, when Sophocles is shown;
To praise his worth, they humbly doubt their own.
Yet as weak states each other's pow'r assure,
Weak poets by conjunction are secure:
Their treat is what your palates relish most;
Charm, song, a shew, a murder, and a ghost!
We know not what you can desire or hope,
To please you more, but burning of a Pope.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

OEDIPUS.
ADRASTUS.
CREON.
TIRESIAS.
HÆMON.
ALCANDER.
DIOCLEES.
PYRACMON.
PHORBAS.
DYMAS.
ÆGEON.
Ghost of LAIUS.

W O M E N.

JOCASTO.
EURYDICE.
MANTO:

Priests, Citizens, Attendants, &c.
SCENE, THEBES.

OE D I P U S.

A C T I.

The Curtain rises to a plaintive Tune, representing the Miseries of Thebes; dead Bodies appear at a Distance in the Streets; some faintly go over the Stage, others drop.

Enter Alexander, Diocles, and Pyramon.

Al. **M**ETHINKS we stand on ruins; nature shakes

About us, and the universal frame
So loose, that it but wants another push
To leap from off it's hinges.

Dio. The sun's sick too; shortly he'll be an earth.

Pyr. Therefore the seasons
Lie all confus'd; and, by the heav'n's neglected,
Forget themselves.

Al. Hence murrains follow'd
On bleating flocks, and on the lowing herds:
At last, the malady
Grew more domestic, and the faithful dog
Died at his master's feet.

Dio. And next his master.

Pyr. Heard you that groan? [*Groan within.*]

Dio. A troop of ghosts took flight together there.
How are we sure we breathe not now our last,
And that, next minute,
Our bodies, cast into some common pit,
Shall not be built upon, and overlaid
By half a people?

Al. There's a chain of causes
Link'd to effects; invincible necessity,
That whate'er is, could not but so have been;
That's my security.

Enter Creon.

Cre. So had it need, when all our streets lie co-
With dead and dying men; [*ver'd*]
And earth exposes bodies on the pavements
More than he hides in graves.
Betwixt the bride and bridegroom have I seen
The nuptial torch do common offices
Of marriage and of death.

Dio. Now OEdipus
(If he returns from war, our other plague)
Will scarce find half he left, to grace his triumphs.

Pyr. A feeble psalm will be sung before him.

Al. He would do well to bring the wives and
children
Of conquer'd Argians, to renew his Thebes.

Cre. May funerals meet him at the city gates,
With their detested omen.

Dio. Of his children.

Cre. Nay, though she be my sister, of his wife.

Al. Oh, that our Thebes might once again be-
A monarch Theban born! [*hold*]

Dio. We might have had one.

Pyr. Yes, had the people pleas'd.

Cre. Come, you're my friends—

The queen, my sister, after Laius' death,
Fear'd to lie single, and supply'd his place
With a young successor.

Dio. He much resembles
Her former husband too.

Al. I always thought so.

Pyr. When twenty winters more have grizzled
He will be very Laius. [*his black locks,*]

Cre. So he will:

Meantime she stands provided of a Laius
More young and vigorous too, by twenty springs.
These women are such cunning purveyors!
Mark, where their appetites have once been pleas'd,
The same resemblance in a younger lover
Lies brooding in their fancies the same pleasures,
And urges their remembrance to desire.

Dio. Had merit, nor her dotalage, been con-
sider'd,

Then Creon had been king: but OEdipus!

A stranger!—

Cre. That word stranger, I confess,

Sounds harshly in my ears.

Dio. We are your creatures.

The people prone, as in all general ills,
To sudden change; the king in wars abroad;
The queen a woman weak and unregarded;
Euridice, the daughter of dead Laius,
A princess young, and beautiful, and unmarried;
Methinks, from these disjointed propositions,
Something might be produc'd.

Cre. The gods have done

Their part, by sending this commodious plague.
But, oh, the princess! her hard heart is shut,
By adamant locks, against my love.

Al. Your claim to her is strong; you are betroth'd.

Pyr. True, in her nonage.

Dio. I heard the Prince of Argos, young Adrastus,
When he was hostage here—

Cre. Oh, name him not! the bane of all my
hopes;

That hot-brain'd, headlong warrior, has the charms
Of youth, and somewhat of a lucky rashness,
To please a woman yet more fool than he.
That thoughtless sex is caught by outward form,
And empty noise, and loves itself in man.

Al. But since the war broke out about our fron-
He's now a foe to Thebes. [*tiers,*]

Cre. But is not so to her. See, she appears;
Once more I'll prove my fortune: you insinuate
Kind thoughts of me into the multitude;
Lay load upon the court; gull them with freedom;
And you shall see them toss their tails, and gad,
As if the breeze had itung them.

Dio. We'll about it. [*Exeunt Al. Dio. and Pyr.*]

Enter Eurydice.

Cre. Hail, royal maid; thou bright Eurydice!
A lavish planet reign'd when thou wert born;
And made thee of such kindred mould to heav'n,
Thou seem'st more heav'n's than ours.

Eur. Cast round your eyes;

Where late the streets were so thick sown with men,
Like Cadmus brood, they just for the passage:
Now look for those erected heads, and see them

Like pebbles paving all our public ways:
When you have thought on this, then answer me,
If these be hours of courtship.

Cre. Yes, they are;

For when the gods destroy so fast, 'tis time
We should renew the race.

Eur. What, in the midst of horror?

Cre. Why not then?

There's the more need of comfort.

Eur. Impious Creon!

Cre. Unjust Eurydice! can you accuse me
Of love, which is Heav'n's precept, and not fear
That vengeance which you say pursues our crimes,
Should reach your perjuries?

Eur. Still th' old argument.

I bade you cast your eyes on other men.

Now cast them on yourself; think what you are.

Cre. A man.

Eur. A man!

Cre. Why doubt you? I'm a man. [you

Eur. 'Tis well you tell me so, I should mistake
For any other part o'th' whole creation,
Rather than think you man. Hence from my sight,
Thou poison to my eyes.

Cre. 'Twas you first poison'd mine; and yet, methinks,

My face and person should not make you sport.

Eur. You force me, by your importunities,
To shew you what you are.

Cre. A prince, who loves you:
And since your pride provokes me, worth your love,
E'en at it's highest value.

Eur. Love from thee!

Why love renounc'd thee ere thou saw'st the light:
Nature herself start back when thou wert born;
And cry'd, The work's not mine.
The midwife stood aghast; and when she saw
Thy mountain back, and thy distorted legs,
Thy face itself,
Half-minted with the royal stamp of man,
And half o'ercome with beast, stood doubting long,
Whose right in thee were more;
And knew not, if to burn thee in the flames,
Were not the holier work.

Cre. Am I to blame, if nature threw my body
In so perverse a mould? Yet when she cast
Her envious hand upon my supple joints,
Unable to resist, and rumpled them
On heaps in their dark lodging, to revenge
Her bungled work, she stamp'd my mind more fair:
And as from chaos, huddled and deform'd,
The god struck fire, and lighted up the lamps
That beautify the sky, so he inform'd
This ill-shap'd body with a daring soul;
And making less than man, he made me more.

Eur. No; thou art all one error; soul and body.
The first young trial of some unskill'd pow'r;
Rude in the making art, and ape of Jove.
Thy crooked mind within hunch'd out thy back;
And wander'd in thy limbs: to thy own kind
Make love, if thou canst find it in the world;
And seek not from our sex to raise an offspring,
Which, mingled with the rest, would tempt the gods
To cut off human kind.

Cre. No; let them leave
The Argian prince for you; that enemy
Of Thebes has made you false, and break the vows
You made to me.

Eur. They were my mother's vows,
Made in my nonage.

Cre. But hear me, maid:
This blot of nature, this deform'd, loath'd Creon,
Is master of a sword, to reach the blood

Of your young minion, spoil the gods fine work,
And stab you in his heart.

Eur. This when thou dost,
Then may'st thou still be curs'd with loving me;
And, as thou art, be still unpitied, loath'd;
And let his ghost—No, let his ghost have rest:
But let the greatest, fiercest, foulest fury,
Let Creon haunt himself. [Exit Eur.

Cre. 'Tis true, I am
What she has told me, an offence to fight:
My body opens inward to my soul,
And let's in day to make my vices seen
By all discerning eyes, but the blind vulgar.
I must make haste, ere OEdipus return,
To snatch the crown and her; for I still love,
But love with malice; as an angry cur
Snarls while he feeds, so will I seize and stanch
The hunger of my love on this proud beauty,
And leave the scraps for slaves.

Enter Tiresias, leaning on a Staff, and led by his
Daughter Manto.

—What makes this blind, prophetic fool abroad!
Would his Apollo had him; he's too holy
For earth and me; I'll shun his walk, and seek
My popular friends. [Exit Creon,

Tir. A little farther, yet a little farther,
Thou wretched daughter of a dark old man,
Conduct my weary steps: and thou, who see'st
For me and for thyself, beware thou tread not
With impious steps upon dead corpse—now stay;
Methinks I draw more open, vital air,
Where are we?

Man. Under covert of a wall:
The most frequented once, and noisy part
Of Thebes, now midnight silence reigns e'en here;
And grass untrod den springs beneath our feet.

Tir. If there be nigh this place a sunny bank,
There let me rest awhile: a sunny bank!
Alas, how can it be, where no sun shines!
But a dim winking taper in the skies,
That nods, and scarce holds up his drowsy head
To glimmer through the damps!

[A noise within. Follow, follow, follow! A
Creon, a Creon, a Creon!

Hark! a tumultuous noise, and Creon's name
Thrice echo'd.

Man. Fly! the tempest drives this way.

Tir. Whither can age and blindness take their
If I could fly, what could I suffer worse, [flight?
Secure of greater ill!

[Noise again, Creon, Creon, Creon!
Enter Creon, Diocles, Alcander, Hyracmon; fol-
lowed by the Crowd.

Cre. I thank ye, countrymen; but must refuse
The honours you intend me; they're too great,
And I am too unworthy; think again,
And make a better choice.

1st Cit. Think twice! I ne'er thought twice in
all my life: that's double work.

2^d Cit. My first word is always my second; and
therefore I'll have no second word; and therefore
once again, I say, a Creon!

All. A Creon, a Creon, a Creon!

Cre. Yet hear me, fellow-citizens.

Dioc. Fellow-citizens! there was a word of kind-
ness.

All. When did OEdipus salute you by that fami-
liar name?

1st Cit. Never, never; he was too proud.
Cre. Indeed he could not, for he was a stranger;
But under him our Thebes is half destroy'd.
Forbid it, Heav'n, the residue should perish,
Under a Theban born.

*Tis true, the gods might send this plague among;
Because a stranger rul'd: but what of that, [you
Can I redress it now?

3d Cit. Yes, you or none.

*Tis certain that the gods are angry with us,
Because he reigns.

Cre. OEdipus may return: you may be ruin'd.

1st Cit. Nay, if that be the matter, we are ruin'd already.

2d Cit. Half of us that are here present, were
living men but yesterday, and we that are absent
do but drop and drop, and no man knows whether
he be dead or living. And therefore while we are
found and well, let us satisfy our consciences, and
make a new king.

3d Cit. Ha, if we were but worthy to see another
coronation, and then, if we must die, we'll
go merrily together.

All. To the question, to the question.

Dio. Are you content Creon should be your king?

All. A Creon, a Creon, a Creon!

Tir. Hear me, ye Thebans, and thou, Creon,
hear me.

1st Cit. Who's that would be heard? We'll hear
no man: we can scarce hear one another.

Tir. I charge you, by the gods, to hear me.

2d Cit. Oh, 'tis Apollo's priest, we must hear
him; 'tis the old blind prophet that sees all things.

3d Cit. He comes from the gods too, and they
are our betters; and in good manners we must hear
him.—Speak, prophet.

2d Cit. For coming from the gods that's no great
matter, they can all say that; but he's a great scholar;
he can make almanacks, an he were put to't,
and therefore, I say, hear him.

Tir. When angry Heav'n scatters it's plagues among
you,

Is it for nought, ye Thebans? Are the gods
Unjust for punishing? Are there no crimes
Which pull this vengeance down?

1st Cit. Yes, yes, no doubt there are some sins
stirring, that are the cause of all.

3d Cit. Yes, there are sins; or we should have
no taxes.

2d Cit. For my part, I can speak it with a safe
conscience, I ne'er sinned in ail my life.

1st Cit. Nor I.

3d Cit. Nor I.

2d Cit. Then we are all justified, the sin lies not
at our doors.

Tir. All justified alike, and yet all guilty;
Were every man's false dealing brought to light,
His envy, malice, lying, perjuries, [tions,
His weights and measures, th' other man's extor-
With what face could you tell offended Heav'n,
You had not sinn'd?

2d Cit. Nay, if these be sins, the case is altered;
for my part I never thought any thing but murder
had been a sin.

Tir. And yet, as if all these were less than no-
thing,

You add rebellion to them, impious Thebans!
Have you not sworn before the gods to serve
And to obey this OEdipus, your king
By public voice elected? Answer me,
If this be true!

2d Cit. This is true; but it's a hard world, neigh-
If a man's oath must be his master. [bours,

Cre. Speak, Diocles; all goes wrong.

Dio. How are you traitors, countrymen of
Thebes?

This holy fire, who presses you with oaths,
Forgets your first; were you not sworn before

To Laius and his blood?

All. We were; we were.

Dio. While Laius has a lawful successor,
Your first oath still must bind. Eurydice
Is heir to Laius; let her marry Creon:
Offended Heav'n will never be appeas'd
While OEdipus pollutes the throne of Laius,
A stranger to his blood.

All. We'll no OEdipus, no OEdipus.

1st Cit. He puts the prophet in a mouse-hole.

2d Cit. I knew it would be so; the last man
ever speaks the best reason.

Tir. Can benefits thus die, ungrateful Thebans!

Remember yet, when after Laius' death,
The monster Sphinx laid your rich country waste,
Your vineyards spoil'd, your labouring oxen flew;
Yourself for fear mew'd up within your walls,
She, taller than your gates, o'er-look'd your town;
But when she rais'd her bulk to fall above you,
She drove the air around her like a whirlwind,
And shaded all beneath; till stooping down,
She clapp'd her leathern wing again your tow'rs,
And thrust out her long neck, e'en to your doors,

Dio. Al. and Pyr. We'll bear no more.

Tir. You durst not meet in temples

T' invoke the gods for aid, the proudest he
Who leads you now, then cower'd, like a dar'd lark;
This Creon shook for fear,
The blood of Laius curdled in his veins;
Till OEdipus arriv'd.

Call'd by his own high courage and the gods,

Himself to you a god, ye offer'd him

Your queen and crown; (but what was then your
And Heav'n authoriz'd it by his success. [crown?]
Speak then, who is your lawful king?

All. 'Tis OEdipus.

Tir. 'Tis OEdipus indeed: your king more lawful
Than yet you dream; for something still there lies
In Heav'n's dark volume, which I read through
mists:

'Tis great, prodigious; 'tis a dreadful birth,
Of wond'rous fate; and now, just now disclosing.
I see, I see, how terrible it dawns:
And my soul sickens with it.

1st Cit. How the god shakes him!

Tir. He comes! he comes! Victory! Conquest!
Triumph!

But, oh, guiltless and guilty! Murder! Parricide!
Incest! Discovery! Punishment—'tis ended,
And all your sufferings o'er.

A Trumpet within. Enter Hæmon.

Hæm. Rouze up, you Thebans; tune your Iq
Pæans!

Your king returns; the Argians are o'ercome;
Their warlike prince in single combat taken,
And led in hands by godlike OEdipus.

All. OEdipus, OEdipus, OEdipus!

Cre. Furies confound his fortune!— [Aside.
Haste, all haste, [To them,

And meet with blessings our victorious king;
Decree processions; bid new holidays;
Crown all the statues of our gods with garlands;
And raise a brazen column, thus inscrib'd:
To OEdipus, now twice a conqueror; deliverer of
his Thebes.

Trust me, I weep for joy to see this day.

Tir. Yes, Heav'n knows how thou weep'st—Go,
countrymen,

And, as you use to supplicate your gods—
So meet your king with bays, and olive-branches:
Bow down, and touch his knees, and beg from him
An end of all your woes; for only he
Can give it you. [Exit Tir. the people following.

Enter OEdipus in *Triumph*; Adrastus, *Prisoner*;
Dymas, and *Train*.

Cre. All hail, great OEdipus;
Thou mighty conqueror, hail; welcome to Thebes;
To thy own Thebes; to all that's left of Thebes;
For half thy citizens are swept away,
And wanting for thy triumphs:
And we, the happy remnant, only live
To welcome thee, and die.

OEd. Thus pleasure never comes sincere to man;
But lent by Heav'n upon hard usury;
And, while Jove holds us out the bowl of joy,
Ere it can reach our lips, it's dash'd with gall
By some left-handed god. Oh, mournful triumph!
Oh, conquest gain'd abroad, and lost at home!
Oh, Argos! now rejoice, for Thebes lies low;
Thy slaughter'd sons now smile, and think they
won;
When they can count more Theban ghosts than
theirs.

Ad. No; Argos mourns with Thebes; you tem-
per'd so
Your courage while you fought, that mercy seem'd
The manlier virtue, and much more prevail'd.
While Argos is a people, think your Thebes
Can never want for subjects. Every nation
Will croud to serve where OEdipus commands.

Cre. [*To Hæm.*] How mean it shows to fawn
upon the victor!

Hæm. Had you beheld him fight, you had said
otherwise.

Come, 'tis brave bearing in him, not to envy
Superior virtue.

OEd. This indeed is conquest,
To gain a friend like you: why were we foes?

Ad. 'Cause we were kings, and each disdain'd
an equal.

I fought to have it in my pow'r to do
What thou hast done; and so to use my conquest.
To shew thee, honour was my only motive,
Know this, that were my army at thy gates,
And Thebes thus waste, I would not take the gift,
Which, like a toy dropt from the hands of fortune,
Lay for the next chance-comer.

OEd. [*Embracing.*] No more captive,
But brother of the war: 'tis much more pleasant,
And safer, trust me, thus to meet thy love,
Than when hard gauntlets clench'd our warlike
And keep them from soft use. [*hands,*

Ad. My conqueror!

OEd. My friend! that other name keeps en-
mity alive.

But longer to detain thee were a crime;
To love, and to Eurydice, go free:
Such welcome as a ruin'd town can give,
Expect from me; the rest let her supply.

Ad. I go without a blush, though conquer'd twice;
By you, and by my princefs. [*Exit Adrastus.*

Cre. [*Aside.*] Then I am conquer'd thrice; by
OEdipus,

And her, and e'en by him, the slave of both:
Gods, I'm beholden to you, for making me your
Would I could make you mine! [*image;*

Enter the People with Branches in their Hands,
holding them up, and kneeling: two Priests before
them.

OEd. Alas, my people!
What means this speechless sorrow, downcast eyes,
And lifted hands? If there be one among you
Whom grief has left a tongue, speak for the rest.

1st Pr. Oh, father of thy country!

To thee these knees are bent, these eyes are lifted,
As to a visible divinity.

A prince on whom Heav'n safely might repose
The business of mankind: for Providence
Might on thy bosom sleep secure,
And leave her task to thee.
But where's the glory of thy former acts?
E'en that's destroy'd, when none shall live to speak
Millions of subjects shalt thou have; but mute. [*it.*
A people of the dead; a crouded desert;
A midnight silence at the noon of day.

OEd. Oh, were our gods as ready with their pity,
As I with mine, this presence should be throng'd
With all I left alive; and my sad eyes
Not search in vain for friends, whose promis'd fight
Flatter'd my toils of war.

1st Pr. Twice our deliverer.

OEd. Nor are now your vows
Address'd to one who sleeps.
When this unwelcome news first reach'd my ears,
Dymas was sent to Delphos, to enquire
The cause and cure of this contagious ill:
And is this day return'd? But since his message
Concerns the public, I refus'd to hear it,
But in this general presence: let him speak.

Dym. A dreadful answer from the hallow'd urn,
And sacred Tripods did the priests give,
In these mysterious words.

THE ORACLE.

"Shed in a cursed hour, by cursed hand,
Blood-royal unreveng'd has curs'd the land.
When Laius' death is expiated well,
Your plague shall cease. The rest let Laius tell."

OEd. Dreadful indeed! Blood! and a king's
blood too;

And such a king's, and by his subjects shed!
(Else why this curse on Thebes?) no wonder then
If monsters, wars, and plagues, revenge such crimes!
If Heav'n be just, it's whole artillery,
All must be empty'd on us: not one bolt
Shall err from Thebes; but more be call'd for,
more:

New moulded thunder of a larger size;
Driv'n by whole Jove. What, touch anointed pow'r!
Then, gods, beware; Jove would himself be next;
Could you but reach him too.

2d Pr. We mourn the sad remembrance.

OEd. Well you may:
Worse than a plague infects you: y're devoted
To mother earth, and to th' infernal pow'rs:
Hell has a right in you: I thank you, gods,
That I'm no Theban born. How my blood curdles!
As if this curse touch'd me, and touch'd me nearer
Than all this presence!—Yes, 'tis a king's blood,
And I, a king, am ty'd in deeper bonds
To expiate this blood—But where, from whom,
Or how must I atone it? Tell me, Thebans,
How Laius fell; for a confus'd report
Pass'd through my ears, when first I took the crown:
But full of hurry, like a morning dream,
It vanish'd in the business of the day. [*low'd;*
1st Pr. He went in private forth; but thinly fol-
low'd, and ne'er return'd to Thebes.

OEd. Nor any from him? Came there no atten-
None to bring the news? [*dant?*

2d Pr. But one; and he so wounded,
He scarce drew breath to speak some few faint words.

OEd. What were they? Something may be learn'd
from thence.

1st Pr. He said a band of robbers watch'd their
Who took advantage of a narrow way [*passage;*
To murder Laius and the rest: himself
Left too for dead.

OEd. Made you no more enquiry,
But took this bare relation?

2d Pr. 'Twas neglected:

For then the monster Sphinx began to rage;
And present cares soon buried the remote;
So was it hush'd, and never since reviv'd.

OEd. Mark, Thebans, mark!

Just then, the Sphinx began to rage among you;
The gods took hold e'en of th' offending minute,
And dated thence your woes: thence will I trace
them.

1st Pr. 'Tis just thou should'st.

OEd. Hear then this dreadful imprecation; hear
'Tis laid on all; not any one exempt. [it:

Bear witness, Heav'n, avenge it on the perjurd.
If any Theban born, if any stranger
Reveal this murder, or produce it's author,
Ten Attic talents be his just reward:
But if for fear, for favour, or for hire,
The murderer he conceal, the curse of Thebes
Fall heavy on his head: unite our plagues,
Ye gods, and place them there; from fire and water,
Converse, and all things common, be he banish'd.
But for the murderer's self, unfound by man,
Find him, ye pow'rs celestial and infernal;
And the same fate or worse than Laius met,
Let be his lot: his children be accurst;
His wife and kindred, all of his be curs'd.

Both Pr. Confirm it, Heav'n!

Enter Jocasta, attended by Women.

Joc. At your devotions! Heav'n succeed your
wishes;

And bring th' effect of these your pious pray'rs
On you, on me, and all.

Pr. Avert this omen, Heav'n!

OEd. Oh, fatal sound, unfortunate Jocasta!
What hast thou said? An ill hour hast thou chosen
For these foreboding words! Why, we were cursing!

Joc. Then may that curse fall only where you
OEd. Speak no more! [laid it.

For all thou say'st is ominous; we were cursing;
And that dire imprecation hast thou fasten'd
On Thebes, and thee and me, and all of us.

Joc. Are then my blessings turn'd into a curse?
Oh, unkind OEdipus! My former lord
Thought me his blessing: be thou like my Laius.

OEd. What yet again? The third time hast thou
curs'd me:

This imprecation was for Laius' death,
And thou hast wish'd me like him.

Joc. Horror seizes me!

[love,

OEd. Why dost thou gaze upon me? Prythee,
Take off thy eye; it burdens me too much.

Joc. The more I look, the more I find of Laius:
His speech, his garb, his action; nay, his frown;
(For I have seen it;) but ne'er bent on me.

OEd. Are we so like?

Joc. In all things but his love.

OEd. I love thee more: so well I love, words
cannot speak how well.

No pious son e'er lov'd his mother more
Than I my dear Jocasta.

Joc. I love you too

The self-same way; and when you chid, methought
A mother's love start up in your defence,
And bade me not be angry: be not you;
For I love Laius still, as wives should love;
But you more tenderly; as part of me;
And when I have you in my arms, methinks
I lull my child asleep.

OEd. Then we are blest:

And all these curses sweep along the skies
Like empty clouds; but drop not on our heads.

Joc. I have not joy'd an hour since you departed,
For public miseries, and for private fears;

But this blest meeting has o'erpaid 'em all.

Good fortune that comes seldom comes more wel-
All I can wish for now, is your consent [come.
To make my brother happy.

OEd. How, Jocasta?

Joc. By marriage with his niece, Eurydice?

OEd. Uncle and niece; these are too near, my
'Tis too like incest: 'tis offence to kind. [love;
Had I not promis'd, were there no Adrastus,
No choice but Creon left her of mankind,
They should not marry. Speak no more of it;
The thought disturbs me.

Joc. Heav'n can never bless
A vow so broken, which I made to Creon;
Remember, he's my brother.

OEd. That's the bar;
And she thy daughter: nature would abhor
To be forc'd back again upon herself,
And like a whirlpool, swallow her own streams.

Joc. Be not displeas'd: I'll move the suit no
more.

OEd. No, do not; for, I know not why, it
shakes me
When I but think on incest. Move we forward,
To thank the gods for my success, and pray
To wash the guilt of royal blood away. [Exeunt.

A C T II.

SCENE, an open Gallery. A Royal Bedchamber
being supposed behind.

The Time, Night. Thunder, &c.

Enter Hæmon, Alcander, and Pyracmon.

Hæm. SURE 'tis the end of all things; fate has
torn

The lock of time off, and his head is now
The ghastly ball of round eternity!
Call you these peals of thunder, but the yawn
Of bellowing clouds? By Jove, they seem to me
The world's last groans; and those vast sheets of
Are it's last blaze! The tapers of the god, [flame
The sun and moon, run down like waxen globes;
The shooting stars end all in purple jellies,
And chaos is at hand.

Pyr. 'Tis midnight, yet there's not a Theban
sleeps,

But such as ne'er must wake. All croud about
The palace, and implore, as from a god,
Help of the king; who, from the battlement,
By the red lightning's glare, descri'd afar,
Atones the angry powers. [Thunder, &c.

Hæm. Ha! Pyracmon, look;
—Behold, Alcander, from yon west of heav'n,
The perfect figures of a man and woman:
A sceptre bright with gems in each right-hand,
Their flowing robes of dazzling purple made,
Distinctly yonder in that point they stand,
Just west; a bloody red stains all the place;
And see, their faces are quite hid in clouds.

Pyr. Clusters of golden stars hang o'er their heads,
And seem so crouded, that they burst upon them:
All dart at once their baleful influence
In leaking fire.

Al. Long-bearded comets flick,
Like flaming porcupines, to their left sides,
As they would shoot their quills into their hearts.

Hæm. But see! the king, and queen, and all
the court!

Did ever day or night shew aught like this?

[Thunders again. The scene draws, and disco-
vers the Prodigies.

Enter OEdipus, Jocasta, Eurydice, and Adrastus,
all coming forward with amazement.

OEd. Answer, you pow'rs divine; spare all this noise,

This rack of heav'n, and speak your fatal pleasure.
Why breaks yon dark and dusky orb away?

Why from the bleeding womb of monstrous night,
Burst forth such myriads of abortive stars?

Ha! my Jocasta, look! the silver moon!

A settling crimson stains her beauteous face!

She's all o'er blood! and look, behold again,

What mean the mystic heav'n's the journeys on?

A vast eclipse darkens the labouring planet:

Sound there, found all our instruments of war;

Clarions and trumpets, silver, brass, and iron,

And beat a thousand drums to help her labour.

Ad. 'Tis vain; you fee the prodigies continue;

Let's gaze no more, the gods are humorous.

OEd. Forbear, rash man—Once more I ask

your pleasure!

If that the glow-worm light of human reason

Might dare to offer at immortal knowledge,

And cope with gods, why all this storm of nature?

Why do the rocks split, and why rolls the sea?

Why these portents in heav'n, and plagues on earth?

Why yon gigantic forms, ethereal monsters?

Alas! all this but to fright the dwarfs

Which your own hands have made? Then be it so.

Or if the fates resolve some expiation

For murder'd Laius; hear me, hear me, gods!

Hear me thus prostrate: spare this groaning land,

Save innocent Thebes, stop the tyrant death;

Do this, and lo! I stand up an oblation

To meet your swiftest and severest anger,

Shoot all at once, and strike me to the centre.

[The cloud draws that veil'd the heads of the figures of the sky, and shows them crowned with the names of OEdipus and Jocasta written above in great characters of gold.]

Ad. Either I dream, and all my cooler senses

Are vanish'd with that cloud that fleets away,

Or just above those two majestic heads,

I see, I read distinctly in large gold,

OEdipus and Jocasta.

Al. I read the same.

Ad. 'Tis wonderful; yet ought not man to wade

Too far in the vast deep of destiny.

[Thunder, and the Prodigies vanish.]

Joc. My lord, my OEdipus, why gaze you now,

When the whole heav'n is clear, as if the gods

Had some new monsters made? Will you not turn,

And bless your people, who devour each word

You breathe?

OEd. It shall be so.

Yes, I will die, oh, Thebes, to save thee!

Draw from my heart my blood, with more content

Than e'er I wore thy crown. Yet, oh, Jocasta!

By all th' indearments of miraculous love,

By all our languishings, our fears in pleasure,

Which oft have made us wonder; here I swear

On thy fair hand, upon thy breast I swear,

I cannot call to mind, from budding childhood

To blooming youth, a crime by me committed,

For which the awful gods should doom my death.

Joc. 'Tis not you, my lord,

But he who murder'd Laius, frees the land:

Were you, which is impossible, the man,

Perhaps my poignant first should drink your blood;

But you are innocent, as your Jocasta,

From crimes like those. This made me violent

To save your life, which you unjust would lose:

Nor can you comprehend, with deepest thought,

The horrid agony you cast me in,

When you resolv'd to die!

OEd. Is't possible?

Joc. Alas, why start you so? Her stiff'ning grief,

Who saw her children slaughter'd all at once,

Was dull to mine: methinks I should have made

My bosom bare against the armed god,

To save my OEdipus!

OEd. I pray, no more.

Joc. You've silenc'd me, my lord.

OEd. Pardon me, dear Jocasta!

Pardon a heart that sinks with sufferings,

And can but vent itself in sobs and murmurs:

Yet to restore my peace, I'll find him out.

Yes, yes, you gods! you shall have ample vengeance

On Laius' murderer. O, the traitor's name!

I'll know't, I will; art shall be conjur'd for it,

And nature all unravell'd.

Joc. Sacred Sir—

OEd. Rage will have way, and 'tis but just; I'll

fetch him,

Tho' lodg'd in air, upon a dragon's wing,

Tho' rocks should hide him: nay he shall be dragg'd

From hell, if charms can hurry him along:

His ghost shall be, by sage Tiresias power,

(Tiresias, that rules all beneath the moon)

Confin'd to flesh, to suffer death once more;

And then be plung'd in his first fires again.

Enter Creon.

Cre. My lord,

Tiresias attends your pleasure.

OEd. Haste, and bring him in.

—O, my Jocasta, Eurydice, Adrastus,

Creon, and all ye Thebans, now the end

Of plagues, of madness, murders, prodigies,

Draws on: this battle of the heav'n's and earth

Shall, by his wisdom, be reduc'd to peace.

Enter Tiresias, leaning on a Staff, led by his Daughter Manto, followed by other Thebans.

—O thou, whose most aspiring mind

Knows all the business of the courts above,

Opens the closets of the gods, and dares

To mix with Jove himself and fate at council;

O prophet, answer me, declare aloud

The traitor who conspir'd the death of Laius:

Or be they more, who from malignant stars

Have drawn this plague that blasts unhappy Thebes?

Tir. We must no more than fate commissions us

To tell; yet something and of moment I'll unfold,

If that the god would wake—I feel him now;

He struggles, and he tears my aged trunk

With holy fury.

O charm this god, this fury in my bosom,

Lull him with tuneful notes, and artful strings,

With pow'rful strains—

Sooth the unruly godhead to be mild.

SONG TO APOLLO.

Phæbus, god belov'd by men,

At thy dawn, every beast is rous'd in his den;

At thy setting, all the birds of thy absence complain,

And we die, all die, till the morning comes again.

Phæbus, god belov'd by men!

Idol of the Eastern kings,

Awful as the god who sings

His thunder round, and the lightning wings;

God of songs, and Orphean strings,

Who to this mortal bosom brings

All harmonious heav'nly things!

Thy drowsy prophet to revive,

Ten thousand thousand forms before him drive;

With chariots and horses all o'fire awake him,

Convulsions and furies, and prophecies shake him:

Let him tell it in groans, tho' he bend with the load,

Tho' he burst with the weight of the terrible god,

Tir. The wretch, who shed the blood of old Lab-
Lives, and is great;

[*cadices,*

But cruel greatness ne'er was long:

The first of Laius' blood his life did seize,

And urg'd his fate,

Which else had lasting been and strong,

The wretch, who Laius kill'd, must bleed or fly;

Or Thebes, consum'd with plagues, in ruins lie.

OEd. The first of Laius' blood! pronounce the
person;

May the god roar from thy prophetic mouth,

That even the dead may start up, to behold.

Name him, I say, that most accursed wretch,

For, by the stars, he dies!

Speak, I command thee;

By Phœbus, speak; for sudden death's his doom;

Here shall he fall, bleed on this very spot;

His name, I charge thee once more, speak.

Tir. 'Tis lost,

Like what we think can never shun remembrance;

Yet of a sudden's gone beyond the clouds.

OEd. Fetch it from thence; I'll have it, where-
e'er it be.

Cre. Let me intreat you, sacred Sir, be calm,
And Creon shall point out the great offender.

'Tis true, respect of nature might enjoin

Me silence, at another time; but, oh,

Much more the pow'r of my eternal love!

That, that should strike me dumb: yet, Thebes,
my country——

I'll break through all to succour thee, poor city.

O, I must speak.

OEd. Speak then, if aught thou know'st:

As much thou seem'st to know, delay no longer.

Cre. O beauty! O illustrious royal maid!

To whom my vows were ever paid till now,

And with such modest, chaste and pure affection,

The coldest nymph might read 'em without blushing.

Art thou the murd'res, then, of wretched Laius?

And I, must I accuse thee? Oh, my tears!

Why will you fall in so abhorr'd a cause?

But that thy beauteous, barbarous hand destroy'd

Thy father, (O monstrous act!) both gods

And men at once take notice.

OEd. Eurydice!

Eur. Traitor, go on; I scorn thy little malice,

And knowing more my perfect innocence,

Than gods and men, then how much more than

Who art their opposite, and form'd a liar, [thee,

I thus disdain thee! Thou once didst talk of love;

Because I hate thy love,

Thou dost accuse me.

Ad. Villain, inglorious villain,

And traitor, doubly damn'd, who durst blaspheme

The spotless virtue of the brightest beauty;

Thou dy'st: nor shall the sacred majesty

[*Draws, and wounds him.*

That guards this place, preserve thee from my rage.

OEd. Disarm them both. Prince, I shall make

you know

That I can tame you twice.—Guards, seize him.

Ad. Sir,

I must acknowledge in another cause

Repentance might abash me; but I glory

In this, and smile to see the traitor's blood.

OEd. Creon, you shall be satisfy'd at full.

Cre. My hurt is nothing, Sir; but I appeal

To wise Tiresias, if my accusation

Be not most true. The first of Laius' blood

Gave him his death. Is there a prince before her?

Then she is faultless, and I ask her pardon.

And may this blood ne'er cease to drop, O Thebes,

If pity of thy sufferings did not move me

To shew the cure which Heav'n itself prescrib'd.

Eur. Yes, Thebans, I will die to save your lives,

More willingly than you can wish my fate;

But let this good, this wife, this holy man,

Pronounce my sentence: for to fall by him,

By the vile breath of that prodigious villain,

Would sink my soul, tho' I should die a martyr.

Ad. Unhand me, slaves.—O mightiest of kings,

See at your feet a prince not us'd to kneel;

Touch not Eurydice, by all the gods,

As you would save your Thebes, but take my life:

For should she perish, Heav'n would heap plagues

on plagues,

Rain sulphur down, hurl kindled bolts

Upon your guilty heads.

Cre. You turn to gallantry, what is but justice:

Proof will be easy made. Adrastus was

The robber who bereft th' unhappy king

Of life; because he flatly had deny'd

To make so poor a prince his son-in-law:

Therefore 'twere fit that both should perish.

1 Theb. Both, let both die.

All Theb. Both, both; let them die.

OEd. Hence you wild herd! For your ringleader

here,

He shall be made example.—Hæmon, take him.

1 Theb. Mercy! O mercy!

OEd. Mutiny in my presence!

Hence, let me see that busy face no more.

Tir. Thebans, what madness makes you drunk
with rage?

Enough of guilty death's already acted;

Fierce Creon has accused Eurydice,

With Prince Adrastus; which the god reproves

By inward checks, and leaves their fates in doubt.

OEd. Therefore instruct us what remains to do,

Or suffer; for I feel a sleep like death

Upon me, and I sigh to be at rest.

Tir. Since that the pow'r's divine refuse to clear

The mystic deed, I'll to the grove of furies;

There I can force the infernal gods to shew

Their horrid forms; each trembling ghost shall rise,

And leave their grisly king without a waiter.

For Prince Adrastus and Eurydice,

My life's engag'd, I'll guard them in the fane,

Till the dark mysteries of hell are done.

Follow me, princes.—Thebans, all to rest.

O, OEdipus, to-morrow—but no more.

If that thy wakeful genius will permit,

Indulge thy brain this night with softer slumbers:

To-morrow, O to-morrow!—sleep, my son;

And in prophetic dreams thy fate be shewn.

[*Exeunt Tir. Adr. Eur. Man. and Thebans.*

OEd. To bed, my fair, my dear, my best Jocasta.

After the toils of war, 'tis wond'rous strange

Our loves should thus be dash'd. One moment's

thought,

And I'll approach the arms of my belov'd.

Joc. Consume whole years in care, so now and

I may have leave to feed my famish'd eyes [then

With one short passing glance, and sigh my vows:

This and no more, my lord, is all the passion

Of languishing Jocasta. [*Exit.*

OEd. Thou softest, sweetest of the world! good

night.

Nay, she is beauteous too! yet, mighty love!

I never offer'd to obey thy laws,

But an unusual chillness came upon me;

An unknown hand still check'd my forward joy,

Dash'd me with blushes, tho' no light was near;

That even the act became a violation.

Pyr. He's strangely thoughtful.

[*call me?*

OEd. Hark! who was that! Ha! Creon, didst thou

Cre. Not I, my gracious lord, nor any here.

OEd. That's strange! methought I heard a doleful Cry OEdipus—The prophet bade me sleep. [voice] He talk'd of dreams, of visions, and to-morrow! I'll muse no more, come what will or can, My thoughts are clearer than unclouded stars; And with those thoughts I'll rest.—*Creon*, good night. [*Exit with Ham.*]

Cre. Sleep seal your eyes up, Sir, eternal sleep. But if he sleep and wake again, O all Tormenting dreams, wild horrors of the night, And hags of fancy, wing him through the air: From precipices hurl him headlong down; Charybids roar, and death be set before him.

Al. Your curses have already ta'en effect; For he looks very sad.

Cre. May he be rooted where he stands for ever; His eye-balls never move, brows be unbent, His blood, his entrails, liver, heart and bowels, Be blacker than the place I wish him, hell.

Pyr. No more; you tear yourself, but vex not him. Methinks 'twere brave this night to force the temple, While blind Tiresias conjures up the fiends, And pass the time with nice Eurydice.

Al. Try promises and threats, and if all fail, Since hell's broke loose, why should not you be mad? Ravish, and leave her dead with her Adrastus.

Cre. Were the globe mine, I'd give a province hourly

For such another thought. Lust and revenge! To stab at once the only man I hate, And to enjoy the woman whom I love! I ask no more of my auspicious stars, The rest as fortune please; to but this night She play me fair, why, let her turn for ever.

Enter Hamon.

Ham. My lord, the troubled king is gone to rest; Yet, ere he slept, commanded me to clear The antichambers: none must dare be near him.

Cre. Hamon, you do your duty— [*Thunder.*] And we obey.—The night grows yet more dreadful! 'Tis just that all retire to their devotions; The gods are angry: but to-morrow's dawn, If prophets do not lie, will make all clear.

As they go off. OEdipus enters, *awaking asleep in his shirt, with a dagger in his Right-hand, and a Taper in his Left.*

OEd. O, my Jocaſta! 'tis for this the wet Starv'd soldier lies on the cold ground; For this he bears the storms Of winter camps, and freezes in his arms: To be thus circled, to be thus embrac'd; [thou?] That I could hold thee for ever!—Ha! where art What means this melancholy light, that seems The gloom of glowing embers? The curtain's drawn; and see she's here again! Jocaſta! Ha! what, fall'n asleep so soon? How fares my love? This taper will inform me. Ha! lightning blast me, thunder Rivet me ever to Prometheus' rock, And vultures gnaw out my incestuous heart. By all the gods, my mother Merope! My sword, a dagger! Ha, who waits there? Slaves, My sword.—What, Hamon, dar'st thou, villain, stop me?

With thy own poignard perish. Ha! who's this? Or is't a change of death? By all my honours, New murder; thou hast slain old Polybus: Incest and parricide, thy father's murdered! Out, thou infernal flame: now all is dark, All blind and dismal, most triumphant mischief! And now, while thus I stalk about the room, I challenge fate to find another wretch

Like OEdipus!

[*Thunder, &c.*]

Enter Jocaſta attended with Lights, in a Night-Gown. Night, horror, death, confusion, hell, and furies! Where am I? O, Jocaſta, let me hold thee: Thus to my bosom, ages let me grasp thee. All that the hardest temper'd weather'd flesh, With fiercest human spirit inspir'd, can dare, Or do, I dare; but, O you pow'rs, this was By infinite degrees too much for man. Methinks my deafen'd ears Are burst; my eyes, as if they had been knock'd By some tempestuous hand, shoot flashing fire. That sleep should do this!

Joc. Then my fears were true.

Methought I heard your voice, and yet I doubted, Now roaring like the ocean, when the winds Fight with the waves; now, in a still small tone Your dying accents fell, as racking ships, After the dreadful yell, sink murmur'ing down, And bubble up a noise.

OEd. Trust me, thou fairest, best of all thy kind, None e'er in dreams was tortur'd so before. Yet what most shocks the niceness of my temper, E'en far beyond the killing of my father, And my own death, is that this horrid sleep Dash'd my sick fancy with an act of incest: I dream'd, Jocaſta, that thou wert my mother; Which tho' impossible, so damps my spirits, That I could do a mischief on myself, Left I should sleep and dream the like again.

Joc. O, OEdipus, too well I understand you! I know the wrath of Heav'n, the care of Thebes, The cries of it's inhabitants, war's toils, And thousand other labours of the state, Are all refer'd to you, and ought to take you For ever from Jocaſta.

OEd. Life of my life, and treasure of my soul, Heav'n knows I love thee.

Joc. O, you think me vile, And of an inclination so ignoble, That I must hide me from your eyes for ever. Be witnesses, gods, and strike Jocaſta dead, If an immodest thought, or low desire, Inflam'd my breast, since first our loves were lighted.

OEd. O rise, and add not, by thy cruel kindness, A grief more sensible than all my torments. Thou think'st my dreams are forg'd; but by thyself, The greatest oath I swear, they are most true: But, be they what they will, I here dismiss them; Be gone, chimeras, to your mother clouds. Is there a fault in us? Have we not search'd The womb of heav'n, examin'd all the entrails Of birds and beasts, and tired the prophet's art? Yet what avails? He, and the gods together, Seem, like physicians, at a loss to help us; Therefore, like wretches that have linger'd long, We'll snatch the strongest cordial of our love. To bed, my fair.

Ghost. [*Within.*] OEdipus!

OEd. Ha! who calls?

Didst thou not hear a voice?

Joc. Alas! I did.

Ghost. Jocaſta!

Joc. O, my love, my lord, support me!

OEd. Call louder, till you burst your airy forms! Rest on my hand. Thus, arm'd with innocence, I'll face these babbling dæmons of the air: In spite of ghosts, I'll on, Tho' round my bed the furies plant their charms; I'll break them with Jocaſta in my arms; Clasp'd in the folds of love, I'll wait my doom, And act my joys, tho' thunder shake the room.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

SCENE, *a dark Grove.**Enter Creon and Diocles.*

Cre. 'TIS better not to be, than be unhappy.
Dio. What mean you by these words?

Cre. 'Tis better not to be, than to be Creon.
 A thinking soul is punishment enough;
 But when 'tis great, like mine, and wretched too,
 Then every thought draws blood.

Dio. You are not wretched.

Cre. I am: my soul's ill-married to my body;
 I would be young, be handsome, and belov'd;
 Could I but breathe myself into Adrastus—

Dio. You rave; call home your thoughts.

Cre. I pr'ythee, let my soul take air a while;
 Were she in OEdipus, I were a king;
 Then I had kill'd a monster, gain'd a battle,
 And had my rival pris'ner: brave, brave actions;
 Why have not I done these?

Dio. Your fortune hinder'd.

Cre. There's it. I have a soul to do them all:
 But fortune will have nothing done that's great
 But by young handsome fools: body and brawn
 Do all her work. Hercules was a fool,
 And straight grew famous: a mad boist'rous fool;
 Nay, worse, a woman's fool.

Fool is the stuff of which Heav'n makes a hero.

Dio. A serpent ne'er becomes a flying dragon,
 Till he has eat a serpent.

Cre. Goes it there?

I understand thee; I must kill Adrastus.

Dio. Or not enjoy your mistress.

Eurydice and he are pris'ners here,
 But will not long be so: this tell-tale ghost
 Perhaps will clear them both.

Cre. Well; 'tis resolv'd.

Dio. The princess walks this way;
 You must not meet her
 Till this be done.

Cre. I must.

Dio. She hates your sight;
 And more since you accus'd her.

Cre. Urge it not.

I cannot stay to tell thee my design,
 For she's too near.

Enter Eurydice.

How, Madam, were your thoughts employ'd?

Eur. On death and thee.

Cre. Then they were not well sooted: life and me
 Had been the better match.

Eur. No, I was thinking

On two the most detested things in nature:
 And they are death and thee.

Cre. The thought of death to one near death is
 O'tis a fearful thing to be no more. [dreadful]
 Or if to be, to wander after death;
 To walk as spirits do, in brakes all day;
 And when the darkness comes, to glide in paths
 That lead to graves; and in the silent vault,
 Where lies your own pale shroud, to hover o'er it,
 Striving to enter your forbidden corse:
 And often, often, vainly breathe your ghost
 Into your lifeless lips:

Then, like a lone benighted traveller
 Shut out from lodging, shall your groans be answer'd
 By whistling winds, whose every blast will shake
 Your tender form to atoms.

Eur. Must I be this thin being, and thus wander;
 No quiet after death?

Cre. None: you must leave

This beauteous body; all this youth and freshness
 Must be no more the object of desire,

But a cold lump of clay;
 Which then your discontented ghost will leave,
 And loath it's former lodging.
 This is the best of what comes after death,
 E'en to the best.

Eur. What then shall be thy lot!

Eternal torments, baths of boiling sulphur;
 Vicissitudes of fires, and then of frosts:
 And an old guardian fiend, ugly as thou art,
 To hollow in thy ears at every lash;
 This for Eurydice; these for her Adrastus!

Cre. For her Adrastus!

Eur. Yes, for her Adrastus;

For death shall ne'er divide us. Death! what's death?

Cre. You talk too slightly

Of death and hell. Let me inform you better.

Eur. You best can tell the news of your own

Dio. Nay, now you are too sharp. [country.

Eur. Can I be so to one who has accus'd me
 Of murder and of parricide?

Cre. You provok'd me:

And yet I only did thus far accuse you,
 As next of blood to Laius: be advis'd,
 And you may live.

Eur. The means?

Cre. 'Tis offer'd you;

The fool Adrastus has accus'd himself.

Eur. He has indeed, to take the guilt from me.

Cre. He says he loves you; if he does, 'tis well:
 He ne'er could prove it in a better time.

Eur. Then death must be his recompence for love!

Cre. 'Tis a fool's just reward:

The wife can make a better use of life:

But 'tis the young man's pleasure, his ambition;
 I grudge him not that favour.

Eur. When he's dead,

Where shall I find his equal?

Cre. Every where.

Fine empty things, like him,

The court swarms with them.

Fine fighting things; in camps they are so common,

Crows feed on nothing else; plenty of fools;

A glut of them in Thebes.

And fortune still takes care they should be seen;

She places them aloft, o'th' topmost spoke

Of all her wheel; fools are the daily work

Of nature; her vocation; if she form

A man, she loses by't, 'tis too expensive;

'Twould make ten fools; a man's a prodigy.

Eur. That is, a Creon; O thou black detractor,

Thou who lov'st nothing but what nothing loves,

And that's thyself; who hast conspir'd against

My life and fame, to make me loath'd by all,

And only fit for thee.

But for Adrastus' death, good gods, his death!

What curse shall I invent?

Dio. No more—he's here.

Eur. He shall be ever here.

He who would give his life, give up his fame—

Enter Adrastus.

If all the excellence of womankind

Were mine—No, 'tis too little all for him;

Were I made up of endless, endless joys—

Ad. And so thou art.

The man who loves like me,

Would think e'en infamy, the worst of ills,

Were cheaply purchas'd, were thy love the price.

Uncrown'd, a captive, nothing left but honour,

'Tis the last thing a prince should throw away;

But when the storm grows loud, and threatens love,

Throw e'en that over-board; for love's the jewel,
 And last it must be kept.

Cre. [To Dio.] Work him, be sure,

To rage—He's passionate;
Make him th' aggressor.

Dio. Oh, false love! false honour!

Cre. Dissembled both, and false!

Ad. Dar'st thou say this to me?

Cre. To you! why, what are you, that I should fear you?

I am not Laius. Hear me, Prince of Argos.

You give what's nothing, when you give your honour;

'Tis gone, 'tis lost in battle. For your love,

Vows made in wine are not so false as that:

You kill'd her father; you confess'd you did:

A mighty argument to prove your passion to the daughter!

Ad. [*Aside.*] Gods, must I bear this brand, and The lie to his foul throat! [not retort]

Dio. Basely you kill'd him.

Ad. [*Aside.*] Oh, I burn inward! my blood's all Alcides, when the poison'd shirt sate closest, [o' fire!]

Had but an ague-fit to this my fever.

Yet, for Eurydice, e'en this I'll suffer,

To free my love—Well, then, I kill'd him basely.

Cre. Fairly, I'm sure, you could not.

Dio. Nor alone.

Cre. You had your fellow thieves about you,

They conquer'd, and you kill'd. [prince:]

Ad. [*Aside.*] Down, swelling heart!

'Tis for thy princely, all—Oh, my Eurydice! [To her.]

Eur. [*To him.*] Reproach not thus the weakness of my sex,

As if I could not bear a shameful death,
Rather than see you burden'd with a crime
Of which I know you free.

Cre. You do ill, Madam,

To let your headlong love triumph o'er nature.

Dare you defend your father's murderer?

Eur. You know he kill'd him not.

Cre. Let him say so.

Dio. See, he stands mute.

Cre. Oh, pow'r of conscience! e'en in wicked
It works, it stings, it will not let him utter [men]

One syllable, one No, to clear himself

From the most base, detested, horrid set,

That e'er could stain a villain, not a prince.

Ad. Ha! villain!

Cre. Echo to him, groves, cry villain.

Ad. Let me consider—Did I murder Laius,
Thus like a villain?

Cre. Best revoke your words,

And say, you kill'd him not,

Ad. Not like a villain; pr'ythee, change me that
For any other lye.

Dio. No, villain, villain.

Cre. You kill'd him not—Proclaim your inno-
Accuse the prince: so I knew 'twould be. [cense,

Ad. I thank thee; thou instruct'st me.

No matter how I kill'd him.

Cre. [*Aside.*] Coo'd again!

Eur. Thou, who usurp'st the sacred name of con-
Did not thy own self declare him innocent? [science,

To me declare him so? The king shall know it.

Cre. You will not be believ'd; for I'll forswear it.

Eur. What's now thy conscience?

Cre. 'Tis my slave, my drudge, my supple glove,
My upper garment, to put on, throw off,

As I think best: 'tis my obedient conscience.

Ad. Infamous wretch!

Cre. My conscience shall not do me the ill office
To save a rival's life; when thou art dead,
(As dead thou shalt be, or be yet more base
Than thou think'st me,

By forfeiting her life, to save thy own.)

Know this, and let it grate thy very soul,

She shall be mine: (the is, if vows were binding)

Mark me, the fruit of all thy faith and passion,

E'en of thy foolish death, shall all be mine.

Ad. Thine, say'st thou, monster?

Shall my love be thine?

Oh, I can bear no more!

Thy cunning engines have with labour rais'd

My heavy anger, like a mighty weight,

To fall and strike thee dead.

See here thy nuptials; see, thou rash Ixion,

[*Draws.*

Thy promis'd Juno vanish in a cloud,

And in her room avenging thunder rolls

To blast thee thus—Come both— [Both draw.

Cre. 'Tis what I wish'd—

Now see whose arm can launch the surer bolt,

And who's the better Jove— [Fights.

Eur. Help, murder, help!

Enter Hæmon and Guards, run betwixt them, and beat down their Swords.

Hæm. Hold, hold your impious hands! I think the furies,

To whom this grove is hallow'd, have inspir'd you.

Now, by my soul, the holiest earth of Thebes

You have profan'd with war. Nor tree, nor plant

Grows here, but what is fed with magic juice,

All full of human souls, that cleave their barks,

To dance at midnight by the moon's pale beams.

At least two hundred years these reverend shades

Have known no blood, but of black sheep and oxen,

Shed by the priest's own hand to Proserpine.

Ad. Forgive a stranger's ignorance—I knew not
The honours of the place.

Hæm. Thou, Creon, didst.

Not OEdipus, were all his foes here lodg'd,

Durst violate the religion of these groves,

To touch one single hair; but must, unarm'd,

Parle, as in truce, or surlily avoid

What most he long'd to kill.

Cre. I drew not first;

But in my own defence.

Ad. I was provok'd

Beyond man's patience; all reproach could urge

Was us'd to kindle one not apt to bear.

Hæm. 'Tis OEdipus, not I, must judge this act.

Lord Creon, you and Diocles retire;

Tiresias and the brotherhood of priests

Approach the place. None at these rites assist,

But you th' accus'd, who by the mouth of Laius

Must be absolv'd or doom'd.

Ad. I bear my fortune.

Eur. And I provoke my trial.

Hæm. 'Tis at hand:

For see, the prophet comes with vervain crown'd,

The priests with yew; a venerable band.

We leave you to the gods.

[*Exit Hæmon, with Creon and Diocles.*

Enter Tiresias, led by Manto; the Priests follow, all clothed in long Black Habits.

Tir. Approach, ye lovers;

Ill-fated pair, whom, seeing not, I know.

This day your kindly stars in heav'n were join'd;

When lo, an envious planet interpos'd,

And threaten'd both with death. I fear, I fear.

Eur. Is there no god so much a friend to love,

Who can controul the malice of our fate?

Are they all deaf? or have the giants heav'n?

Tir. The gods are just—

But how can finite measure infinite?

Reason! alas, it does not know itself!

Yet man, vain man, would, with this short-lin'd plummet,

Fathom the vast abyss of heav'nly justice.
Whatever is, is in it's causes just;
Since all things are by fate. But purblind man
Sees but a part o'th'chain; the nearest links;
His eyes not carrying to that equal beam
That poises all above.

Eur. Then we must die!

Tir. The danger's imminent this day.

Ad. Penurious Heav'n! canst thou not add a
To our one day? Give me a night with her, [night
And I'll give all the rest.

Tir. She broke her vow
First made to Creon. But the time calls on;
And Laius' death must now be made more plain.
How lothe I am to have recourse to rites
So full of horror, that I once rejoice
I want the use of sight.

1 Pr. The ceremonies stay.

Tir. Chuse the darkest part o'th'grove, *A*
Such as ghosts at noon-day love.
Dig a trench, and dig it nigh
Where the bones of Laius lie,
Altars rais'd of turf or stone,
Will th' infernal pow'rs have none.
Answer me, if this be done?

All Pr. 'Tis done.

Tir. Is the sacrifice made fit?
Draw her backward to the pit;
Draw the barren heifer back;
Barren let her be, and black.
Cut the curled hair that grows
Full betwixt her horns and brows;
And turn your faces from the sun.
Answer me, if this be done?

All Pr. 'Tis done.

Tir. Pour in blood, and blood-like wine,
To mother earth and Proserpine;
Mingle milk into the stream;
Feast the ghosts that love the steam;
Snatch a brand from funeral pile,
Toss it in, to make them boil;
And turn your faces from the sun.
Answer me, if all be done?

All Pr. All is done.

[*Peals of thunder and flashes of lightning; then
groaning below the stage.*

Man. Oh, what laments are those?

Tir. The groans of ghosts that cleave the earth
with pain,
And heave it up; they pant and stick half way.

[*The stage awfully darkened.*

Man. And now a sudden darkness covers all;
True, genuine night; night added to the groves;
The fogs are blown full in the face of heav'n.

Tir. Am I but half obey'd? Infernal gods,
Must you have music too? Then tune your voices,
And let them have such sounds as hell ne'er heard
Since Orpheus brib'd the shades.

[*The Ghost of Laius rises, armed in his chariot,
as he was slain; and behind his chariot sit the
three who were murdered with him.*

Ghost of La. Why hast thou drawn me from my
pains below,

To suffer worse above; to see the day,
And Thebes more hated? Hell is heav'n to Thebes.
For pity, send me back, where I may hide,
In willing night, this ignominious head.
In hell I shun the public scorn; and then
They hunt me for their sport, and hoot me as I fly:
Behold, e'en now, they grin at my gor'd side,
And chatter at my wounds,

Tir. I pity thee.

Tell but why Thebes is for thy death accur'd,
And I'll unbind the charm.

Ghost. Oh, spare my shame!

Tir. Are these two innocent?

Ghost. Of my death they are.

But he who holds my crown, oh! must I speak!
Was doom'd to do what nature most abhors.
The gods foresaw it, and forbade his being
Before he yet was born. I broke their laws,
And cloth'd with flesh his pre-existing soul.
Some kinder pow'r, too weak for destiny,
Took pity, and indu'd his new-form'd mass
With temperance, justice, prudence, fortitude,
And every kingly virtue. But in vain;
For fate, that sent him hoodwink'd to the world,
Perform'd it's work by his mistaken hands.
Ask'st thou who murder'd me? 'Twas OEdipus.
Who stains my bed with incest? OEdipus.
For whom then are you curs'd, but OEdipus?
He comes! the parricide! I cannot bear him!
My wounds ache at him! Oh, his murder's breath
Venoms my airy substance! Hence with him,
Banish him, sweep him out; the plagues he bears
Will blast your fields, and mark his way with ruin.
From Thebes, my throne, my bed, let him be driv'n;
Do you forbid him earth, and I'll forbid him heav'n.

[*Ghost descends.*

Enter OEdipus, Creon, Hæmon, &c.

OEd. What's this? Methought some penitential
blast

Struck me just entering; and some unseen hand
Struggled to push me backward. Tell me why
My hair stands bristling up, why my flesh trembles?
You stare at me! Then hell has been among ye,
And some lag fiend yet lingers in the grove.

Tir. What omen sawst thou entering?

OEd. A young stork,

That bore his aged parent on his back,
Till, weary with the weight, he shook him off,
And peck'd out both his eyes.

Ad. Oh, OEdipus!

Eur. Oh, wretched OEdipus!

Tir. Oh, fatal king!

OEd. What mean these exclamations on my name?
I thank the gods, no secret thoughts reproach me.
Then wonder not that I can bear unmov'd
These fix'd regards, and silent threats of eyes.
A generous fierceness dwells with innocence;
And conscious virtue is allow'd some pride.

Tir. Thou know'st not what thou say'st.

OEd. What mutters he? Tell me, Eurydice—
Thou shak'st—thy soul's a woman.—Speak,
Adrastus,

And boldly, as thou meet'st my arm in fight.
Dar'st thou not speak? Why, then, 'tis bad indeed.
Tiresias, thee I summon by thy priesthood;
Tell me what news from hell; where Laius points,
And who's the guilty head?

Tir. Let me not answer.

OEd. Be dumb, then, and betray thy native soil
To farther plagues.

Tir. I dare not name him to thee.

OEd. Dar'st thou converse with hell, and canst
thou fear

An human name? [known,

Tir. Urge me no more to tell a thing, which,
Would make thee more unhappy. 'Twill be found,
Tho' I am silent.

OEd. Old and obstinate! Then thou thyself
Art author or accomplice of this murder;
And shunn'st the justice, which, by public ban,
Thou hast incur'd.

Tir. Oh, if the guilt were mine,
It were not half so great! Know, wretched man,
Thou, only thou art guilty; thy own curse
Falls heavy on thyself.

OEd. Speak this again:

But speak it to the winds when they are loudest,
Or to the raging seas; they'll hear as soon,
And sooner will believe.

Tir. Then hear me, Heav'n,
For, blushing, thou hast seen it: hear me, earth,
Whose hollow womb could not contain this murder,
But sent it back to light: and thou, hell, hear me,
Whose own black seal has firm'd this horrid truth:
OEdipus murder'd Laius.

OEd. Rot the tongue,
And blasted be the mouth that spoke that lye.

Thou blind of sight, but thou more blind of soul—

Tir. Thy parents thought not so.

OEd. Who were my parents?

Tir. Thou shalt know too soon.

OEd. Why seek I truth from thee?

The smiles of courtiers, and the harlot's tears,
The tradesman's oaths, and mourning of an heir,
Are truths to what priests tell.

Oh, why has priesthood privilege to lye,

And yet to be believ'd!—Thy age protects thee—

Tir. Thou canst not kill me; 'tis not in thy fate,

As 'twas to kill thy father, wed thy mother,

And beget sons, thy brothers.

OEd. Riddles, riddles!

Tir. Thou art thyself a riddle, a perplex'd,
Obscure enigma, which, when thou unty'st,
Thou shalt be found and lost.

OEd. Impossible!

—Adrastus, speak; and, as thou art a king,
Whose royal word is sacred, clear my fame.

Ad. Would I could!

OEd. Ha! wilt thou not? Can that Plebeian vice
Of lying mount to kings? Can they be tainted?
Then truth is lost on earth.

Cre. The cheat's too gross.

Adrastus is his oracle, and he,
The pious juggler, but Adrastus' organ.

OEd. 'Tis plain; the priest's suborn'd to free
the prisoner.

Cre. And turn the guilt on you.

OEd. Oh, honest Creon, how hast thou been be-
Eur. Hear me. [ly'd]

Cre. She's brib'd to save her lover's life.

Ad. If, OEdipus, thou think'st——

Cre. Hear him not speak.

Ad. Then hear these holy men.

Cre. Priests, priests, all brib'd, all priests!

OEd. Adrastus, I have found thee:

The malice of a vanquish'd man has seiz'd thee.

Ad. If envy, and not truth——

OEd. I'll hear no more: away with him.

[Hæmon takes him off by force; Creon and
Eurydice follow.]

—Why stand'st thou here, impostor? [To *Tir.*
So old and yet so wicked!—Lye for gain,
And gain so short as age can promise thee!

Tir. So short a time as I have yet to live
Exceeds thy pointed hour. Remember Laius—
No more—if e'er we meet again, 'twill be
In mutual darkness; we shall feel before us,
To reach each other's hand—Remember Laius.

[Exit Tiresias; Priests follow.]
OEd. Remember Laius! that's the burden still.
Murder and incest! But to hear them nam'd
My soul starts in me. Did I kill Laius?
Then I walk'd sleeping, in some frightful dream;
My soul then stole my body out by night,

And brought me back to bed ere morning-wake,
It cannot be, e'en this remotest way;
But some dark hint would juggle forward now,
And goad my memory—Oh, my Jocasta!

Enter Jocasta.

Joc. Why are you thus disturb'd?

OEd. Why, would'st thou think it?
No less than murder.

Joc. Murder! what of murder?

OEd. Is murder then no more? Add parricide
And incest—bear not these a frightful sound?

Joc. Alas!

OEd. How poor a pity is alas,
For two such crimes!—Was Laius us'd to lye?

Joc. Oh, no! the most sincere, plain, honest man;
One who abhor'd a lye.

OEd. Then he has got that quality in hell.
He charges me—but why accuse I him?

I did not hear him speak it. They accuse me,
The Priest, Adrastus, and Eurydice,

Of murdering Laius—Tell me, while I think
Has old Tiresias practis'd long this trade? [on't,

Joc. What trade?

OEd. Why, this foretelling trade.

Joc. For many years.

OEd. Has he before this day accus'd me?

Joc. Never.

OEd. Have you, ere this, enquir'd who did this

Joc. Often; but still in vain. [murder?

OEd. I am satisfy'd.

Then 'tis an infant-lye; but one day old,

The oracle takes place before the priest;

The blood of Laius was to murder Laius:

I'm not of Laius' blood.

Joc. E'en oracles

Are always doubtful, and are often forg'd:

Laius had one, which never was fulfill'd,

Nor ever can be now.

OEd. And what foretold it? [doom'd

Joc. That he should have a son by me, fore-

The murderer of his father. True, indeed,

A son was born; but, to prevent that crime,

The wretched infant of a guilty fate,

Bor'd thro' his untry'd feet, and bound with cords,

On a bleak mountain naked was expos'd.

The king himself liv'd many, many years,

And found a different fate; by robbers murder'd,

Where three ways meet. Yet these are oracles;

And this the faith we owe them.

OEd. Say'st thou, woman?

By Heav'n, thou hast awaken'd somewhat in me,
That shakes my very soul!

Joc. What new disturbance?——

OEd. Methought thou said'st, or do I dream
thou said'st it?

This murder was on Laius' person done
Where three ways meet.

Joc. So common fame reports.

OEd. Would it had lyed!

Joc. Why, good my lord?

OEd. No questions.

'Tis busy time with me; dispatch mine first.

Say, where, where was it done?

Joc. Mean you the murder? [murder?

OEd. Could'st thou not answer without naming

Joc. They lay in Phocide; on the verge that parts
From Dalia, and from Delphos. [it

OEd. So—How long? When happen'd this?

Joc. Some little time before you came to Thebes.

OEd. What will the gods do with me?

Joc. What means that thought? [ask,

OEd. Something—But 'tis not yet your turn to
How old was Laius, what his shape, his stature,

His action, and his mien? Quick, quick, your answer—

Joc. Big made he was, and tall; his port was Erect his countenance; manly majesty [fierce; Sate in his front, and darted from his eyes, Commanding all he viewed; his hair just grizzled, As in a green old age. Bate but his years, You are his picture.

OEd. [Aside.] Pray Heav'n he drew me not! Am I his picture?

Joc. So I have often told you.

OEd. True, you have; Add that unto the rest. How was the King Attended when he travell'd?

Joc. By four servants. He went out privately.

OEd. Well counted still!

One 'scap'd, I hear. What since became of him?

Joc. When he beheld you first, as king in Thebes, He kneel'd, and, trembling, begg'd I would dismiss him.

He had my leave; and now he lives retir'd. [casts.

OEd. This man must be produc'd; he must, *Joc.*

Joc. He shall—Yet have I leave to ask you why?

OEd. Yes, you shall know; for where should I repose

The anguish of my soul, but in your breast?

I need not tell you Corinth claims my birth;

My parents, Polybus and Merope,

Two royal names; their only child am I.

It happen'd once, 'twas at a bridal feast,

One, warm with wine, told me I was a foundling,

Not the king's son: I, stung with this reproach,

Struck him; my father heard of it; the man

Was made ask pardon, and the business hush'd.

Joc. 'Twas somewhat odd.

OEd. And strangely it perplex'd me.

I stole away to Delphos, and implor'd

The god, to tell my certain parentage.

He bade me seek no farther; 'twas my fate

To kill my father, and pollute his bed,

By marrying her who bore me.

Joc. Vain, vain oracles!

OEd. But yet they frighted me.

I look'd on Corinth as a place accurs'd;

Resolv'd my destiny should wait in vain,

And never catch me there.

Joc. Too nice a fear. [too soon.

OEd. Suspend your thoughts, and flatter not

Just in the place you nam'd, where three ways meet,

And near that time, five persons I encounter'd;

One was too like (Heav'n grant it prove not him!)

The person you describe for Laius: insolent

And fierce they were, as men who liv'd on spoil;

I judg'd them robbers, and by force repell'd

The force they us'd. In short, four men I slew;

The fifth, upon his knees, demanding life,

My mercy gave it—Bring me comfort now.

If I flew Laius, what can be more wretched?

From Thebes and you my curse has banish'd me;

From Corinth, fate.

Joc. Perplex not thus your mind.

My husband fell by multitudes oppress'd;

So Phorbas said. This band you chanc'd to meet;

And murder'd not my Laius, but reveng'd him.

OEd. There's all my hope: let Phorbas tell me

And I shall live again. [this,

To you, good gods, I make my last appeal;

Or clear my virtue, or my crime reveal.

If wandering in the maze of fate I run,

And backward trod the paths I sought to shun,

Impute my errors to your own decree;

My hands are guilty, but my heart is free. [Exeunt.

A C T IV.

Enter Pyracmon and Creon.

Pyr. **S**OME business of import, that triumph wears,

You seem to go with; nor is it hard to guess When you are pleas'd.

You smile revenge, and I could gladly hear.

Cre. Would'st thou believe,

This giddy, hair-brain'd king, whom old Tiresias

Has thunderstruck with heavy accusation,

Tho' conscious of no inward guilt, yet fears?

He fears Jocasta, fears himself, his shadow;

He fears the multitude; and, which is worth

An age of laughter, out of all mankind,

He chuses me to be his orator;

Swears that Adrastus and the lean-look'd prophet

Are joint conspirators; and wish'd me to

Appease the raving Thebans; which I swore

To do.

Pyr. A dangerous undertaking;

Directly opposite to your own interest.

Cre. No, dull Pyracmon; when I left his presence,

With all the wings with which revenge could imp

My flight, I gain'd the midst o' the city;

There, standing on a pile of dead and dying,

I to the mad and sickly multitude,

With interrupting sobs, cry'd out, Oh, Thebes!

Oh, wretched Thebes, thy king, thy OEdipus!

This barbarous stranger, this usurper, monster,

Is by the oracle, the wise Tiresias,

Proclaim'd the murderer of thy royal Laius!

Jocasta, too, no longer now my sister,

Is found complotter in the horrid deed.

Here I renounce all tie of blood and nature,

For thee, oh, Thebes, dear Thebes, poor bleed-

ing Thebes!

And there I wept; and then the rabble howl'd,

And roar'd, and with a thousand antic mouths,

Gabbled revenge; revenge was all the cry.

Pyr. This cannot fail; I see you on the throne,

And OEdipus cast out.

Cre. Then straight came on

Alcander, with a wide and bellowing crowd,

Whom he had wrought; I whisper'd him to join,

And head the forces while the heat was in them.

So, to the palace I return'd, to meet

The king, and greet him with another story.

But see, he enters.

Enter OEdipus and Jocasta, attended.

OEd. Said you that Phorbas is arriv'd, and yet

Intreats he may return, without being ask'd

Of aught concerning what we have discover'd?

Joc. He started when I told him your intent;

Replying, what he knew of that affair

Would give no satisfaction to the king;

Then falling on his knees, begg'd as for life,

To be dismiss'd from court: he trembled too,

As if convulsive death had seiz'd upon him,

And stammer'd in his abrupt pray'r so wildly,

That had he been the murderer of Laius,

Guilt and distraction could not have shock him more.

OEd. By your description, sure as plagues and

death

Lay waste our Thebes, some deed that shuns the light

Begot those fears; if thou respect'st my peace,

Secure him, dear Jocasta; for my genius

Shrinks at his name.

Joc. Rather let him go;

So my poor boding heart would have it be,

Without a reason.

OEd. Hark, the Thebans come!

Therefore retire; and once more, if thou lov'st me,

Let Phorbas be retain'd.

Joc. You shall, while I
Have life, be still obey'd:
In vain you sooth me with your soft endearments,
And set the fairest countenance to view;
Your gloomy eyes, my lord, betray a deadness
And inward languishing: that oracle
Ears like a subtle worm it's venom'd way,
Preys on your heart, and rots the noble core,
Howe'er the beauteous out-side shews so lovely.

OEd. Oh, thou wilt kill me with thy love's excess!
All, all is well; retire, the Thebans come. [*Ex. Joc.*
Gboß. *OEdipus!*

OEd. Ha! again that stream of woe!
Thrice have I have heard, thrice since the morn-
ing dawn'd

It hallow'd loud, as if my guardian spirit
Call'd from some vaulted mansion, *OEdipus!*
Or is it but the work of melancholy?
When the sun sets, shadows, that shew'd at noon
But small, appear most long and terrible;
So when we think fate hovers o'er our heads,
Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds,
Owls, ravens, crickets, seem the watch of death,
Nature's worst vermin scare her god-like sons;
Echoes, the very leavings of a voice,
Grow babbling ghosts, and call us to our graves:
Each mole-hill thought swells to a huge Olympus,
While we fantastic dreamers heave and puff,
And sweat with an imagination's weight;
As if, like Atlas, with these mortal shoulders
We could sustain the burden of the world.

[*Creon comes forward.*

Cre. Oh, sacred Sir, my royal lord—

OEd. What now?

Thou seem'st affrighted at some dreadful action,
Thy breath comes forth, thy darted eyes are fix'd
On me for aid, as if thou wert pursu'd:
I sent thee to the Thebans: speak thy wonder;
Fear not, this palace is a sanctuary,
The king himself's thy guard.

Cre. For me, alas!

[*yours!*

My life's not worth a thought when weigh'd with
But fly, my lord: fly, as your life is sacred.
Your fate is precious to your faithful Creon,
Who therefore, on his knees, thus prostrate, begs
You would remove from Thebes that vows your ruin.
When I but offer'd at your innocence,
They gather'd stones, and menac'd me with death,
And drove me through the streets, with imprecations
Against your sacred person, and those traitors
Which justify'd your guilt: which curs'd *Tiresias*
Told, as from heav'n, was cause of their destruction.

OEd. Rise, worthy Creon, haste and take our
Rank them in equal part upon the square, [guard,
Then open every gate of this our palace,
And let the torrent in. Hark, it comes. [*Shout.*
I hear them roar: be gone, and break down all
The dams that would oppose their furious passage.

[*Exit Creon with Guards.*

Enter Adrastus, his Sword drawn.

Ad. Your city
Is all in arms, all bent to your destruction;
I heard but now, where I was close confin'd,
A thund'ring shout, which made my gaolers vanish,
Cry, fire the palace; where's the cruel king?
Yet, by th' infernal gods, those awful pow'rs
That have accus'd you, which these ears have heard,
And these eyes seen, I must believe you guiltless;
For, since I knew the royal *OEdipus*,
I have observ'd in all his acts such truth
And god-like clearness; that to the last gush
Of blood and spirits, I'll defend his life,

And here have sworn to perish by his side.

OEd. Be witness, gods, how near this touches me.
[*Embracing him.*

Oh, what, what recompence can glory make?

Ad. Defend your innocence, speak like yourself,
And awe the rebels with your dauntless virtue.
But hark! the storm comes nearer.

OEd. Let it come.

The force of majesty is never known
But in a general wrack: then, then is seen
The difference 'twixt a threshold and a throne.

Enter Creon, Pyracmon, Alcander, Tiresias, and Thebans.

Al. Where, where's this cruel king? Thebans,
behold

There stands your plague, the ruin, desolation,
Of this unhappy—Speak; shall I kill him?
Or shall he be cast out to banishment?

All Theb. To banishment, away with him.

OEd. Hence, you barbarians, to your slavish dis-
fix to the earth your sordid looks; for he [tance?
Who stirs, dares more than madmen, fiends, or
furies.

Did I for this relieve you when when besieg'd
By this fierce prince, when coop'd within your walls,
And to the very brink of fate reduc'd?
When lean-jaw'd famine made more havock of you,
Than does the plague? But I rejoice I know you,
Know the base stuff that temper'd your vile souls:
The gods be prais'd, I needed not your empire,
Born to a greater, nobler, of my own;
Nor shall the scepter of the earth now win me
To rule such brutes, so barbarous a people.

Ad. Methinks, my lord, I see a sad repentance,
A general consonation spread among them.

OEd. My reign is at an end; yet ere I finish—
I'll do a justice that becomes a monarch,
A monarch, who, i'th' midst of swords and javelins,
Dares act as on his throne encompass'd round
With nations for his guard. Alcander, you
Are nobly born, therefore shall lose your head:

[*Seizes him.*

Here, *Hæmon*, take him; but for this, and this,
Let cords dispatch them. Hence, away with them.

Tir. Oh, sacred prince, pardon distracted Thebes,
Pardon her, if she acts by Heav'n's award;
If thou art guilty, Heav'n will make it known:
If innocent, then let *Tiresias* die.

OEd. I take thee at thy word; run, haste, and
save Alcander:

I swear the prophet, or the king shall die.

Be witness, all you Thebans, of my oath;

And Phorbas be the umpire.

Tir. I submit.

[*Trumpets sound.*

OEd. What mean those trumpets?

Enter Hæmon, with Alcander, &c.

Hæm. From your native country,
Great Sir, the fam'd *Ægeon* is arriv'd,
That renown'd favourite of the king your father:
He comes as an ambassador from Corinth,
And sues for audience.

OEd. Haste, *Hæmon*, fly, and tell him that I burn
To embrace him.

Hæm. The queen, my lord, at present holds him
In private conference; but behold her here.

Enter Jocasta, Eurydice, &c.

Joc. Hail, happy *OEdipus*, happiest of kings!
Henceforth be blest, blest as thou canst desire,
Sleep without fears the blackest nights away;
Let furies haunt thy palace, thou shalt sleep
Secure, thy slumbers shall be soft and gentle
As infant dreams.

OEd. What does the soul of all my joys intend?

And whither would this rapture?

Joc. Oh, I could rave,
Pull down those lying fanes, and burn that vault,
From whence resounded those false oracles,
That robb'd my love of rest: if we must pray,
Rear in the streets bright altars to the gods,
Let virgins heads adorn the sacrifice;
And not a grey-beard forging priest come near,
To pry into the bowels of the victim,
And with his dotage mad the gaping world.
But see, the oracle that I will trust,
True as the gods, and affable as men.

Enter Ægeon. Kneels.

OEd. Oh, to my arms, welcome, my dear Ægeon;
Ten thousand welcomes. Oh, my foster father,
Welcome as mercy to a man condemn'd!
Welcome to me,

As, to a sinking mariner,
The lucky plank that bears him to the shore!
But speak, oh, tell me what so mighty joy
Is this thou bring'st, which so transports Jocasta?

Joc. Peace, peace, Ægeon, let Jocasta tell him!
Oh, that I could for ever charm, as now,
My dearest OEdipus; thy royal father,
Polybus, king of Corinth, is no more.

OEd. Ha! can it be? Ægeon, answer me,
And speak in short what my Jocasta's transport
May over-do.

Æge. Since in few words, my royal lord, you ask
To know the truth; King Polybus is dead.

OEd. Oh, all you powers, is't possible? What
But that the tempest of my joy may rise [dead]
By just degrees, and hit at last the stars:
Say, how, how dy'd he? Ha! by sword, by fire,
Or water? By assassinated, or poison? Speak:
Or did he languish under some disease?

Æge. Of no distemper, of no blast he dy'd;
But fell like autumn-fruit that mellow'd long:
E'en wonder'd at, because he dropp'd no sooner.
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years;
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more;
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

OEd. Now, dotard; now, thou blind old wizard
prophet,

Where are your boding ghosts, your altars now;
Your birds of knowledge, that in dusky air
Chatter futurity? and where are now
Your oracles, that call'd me parricide?

Is he not dead? deep laid within his monument?
And was not I in Thebes when fate attack'd him?
Avaunt, be gone, you visors of the gods!

Were I as other sons, now I should weep;
But, as I am, I've reason to rejoice; [me.
And will, though his cold shade should rise and blast
Oh, for this death, let waters break their bounds,
Rocks, valleys, hills, with splitting Io's rings:
Io, Jocasta, lo Pæans sing.

Tir. Who would not now conclude a happy end!
But all fate's turns are swift and unexpected.

Æge. Your royal mother, Merope, as if
She had no soul since you forsook the land,
Waves all the neighb'ring princes that adore her.

OEd. Waves all the princes! Poor heart! for
what? Oh, speak.

Æge. She, tho' in full-blown flow'r of glorious
beauty,

Grows cold, e'en in the summer of her age;
And, for your sake, has sworn to die unmarried.

OEd. How! for my sake, die and not marry! Oh,
My fit returns.

Æge. This diamond, with a thousand kisses blest'd,
With thousand sighs and wishes for your safety,

She charg'd me give you, with the general homage
Of our Corinthian lords.

OEd. There's magic in it, take it from my sight;
There's not a beam it darts, but carries hell,
Hot flashing lust, and necromantic incest:
Take it from these sick eyes; oh, hide it from me;
No, my Jocasta, though Thebes cast me out,
While Merope's alive, I'll ne'er return!
Oh, rather let me walk round the wide world
A beggar, than accept a diadem
On such abhor'd conditions.

Joc. You make, my lord, your own unhappiness,
By these extravagant and needless fears.

OEd. Needless! Oh, all you gods! By Heav'n
I'd rather

Embrue my hands up to my very shoulders
In the dear entrails of the best of fathers,
Than offer at the execrable act
Of damned incest: therefore no more of her.

Æge. And why, oh, sacred Sir, if subjects may
Presume to look into their monarch's breast,
Why should the chaste and spotless Merope
Infuse such thoughts as I must blush to name?

OEd. Because the god of Delphos did forewarn me,
With thundering oracles.

Æge. May I entreat to know them?

OEd. Yes, my Ægeon; but the sad remembrance
Quite blasts my soul: see then the swelling priest!
Methinks I have his image now in view;
He mounts the Tripods in a minute's space,
His clouded head knocks at the temple-roof,
While from his mouth

These dismal words are heard:

"Fly, wretch, whom fate has doom'd thy father's
blood to spill,

And with preposterous births thy mother's womb to
Æge. Is this the cause [fill!]"

Why you refuse the diadem of Corinth?

OEd. The cause? Why, is it not a monstrous one?

Æge. Great Sir, you may return: and tho' you
should

Enjoy the queen (which all the gods forbid)

The act would prove no incest.

OEd. How, Ægeon?

Though I enjoy'd my mother, not incestuous!

Not incest! What, not incest with my mother?

Æge. My lord, Queen Merope is not your mother,

OEd. Ha! did I hear thee right? Not Merope
My mother!

Æge. Nor was Polybus your father.

OEd. Then all my days and nights must now be
spent

In curious search to find out those dark parents
Who gave me to the world; speak then, Ægeon,
By all the gods celestial and infernal,
By all the ties of nature, blood, and friendship,
Conceal not from this rack'd despairing king,
A point or smallest grain of what thou know'st:
Speak then; oh, answer to my doubts directly.
If royal Polybus was not my father,
Why was I call'd his son?

Æge. He, from my arms,
Receiv'd you as the fairest gift of nature.

Not but you were adorn'd with all the riches
That empire could bestow in costly mantles
Upon it's infant heir.

OEd. But was I made the heir of Corinth's crown,
Because Ægeon's hands presented me?

Æge. By my advice,
Being past all hope of children,
He took, embrac'd, and own'd you for his son.

OEd. Perhaps I then am yours; instruct me, Sir,
If it be so, I'll kneel and weep before you,

With all th' obedience of a penitent child,
Imploring pardon.

Kill me, if you please;

I will not writhe my body at the wound;

But sink upon your feet with a last sigh,

And ask forgiveness with my dying hands.

Æge. Oh, rise, and call not to this aged cheek
The little blood which should keep warm my heart;

You are not mine, nor ought I to be blest

With such a godlike offspring. Sir, I found you
Upon the Mount Cithæron.

OEd. Oh, speak, go on, the air grows sensible

Of the great things you utter, and is calm:

The hurry'd orbs, with storms so rack'd of late,

Seem to stand still, as if that Jove were talking.

Cithæron! Speak, the valley of Cithæron!

Æge. Oft-times before I thither did resort,

Charm'd with the conversation of a man

Who led a rural life, and had command

O'er all the shepherds, who about those vales

Tended their numerous flocks; in this man's arms

I saw you smiling at a fatal dagger,

Whose point he often offer'd at your throat;

But then you smil'd, and then he drew it back,

Then lifted it again, you smil'd again;

Till he at last in fury threw it from him,

And cry'd aloud, The gods forbid thy death.

Then I rush'd in, and after some discourse,

To me he did bequeath your innocent life;

And I, the welcome care to Polybus. [herds?]

OEd. To whom belongs the master of the sheep-

Æge. His name I knew not, or I have forgot;

That he was of the family of Laius,

I well remember.

OEd. And is your friend alive? for if he be,

I'll buy his presence, though it cost my crown.

Æge. Your menial attendants best can tell

Whether he lives, or not; and who has now

His place.

Joc. Winds, bear me to some barren island,

Where print of human feet was never seen,

O'er-grown with weeds of such a monstrous height,

Their baleful tops are wash'd with bellying clouds;

Beneath whose venomous shade I may have vent

For horrors that would blast the barbarous world.

OEd. If there be any here that knows the per-

Whom he describ'd, I charge him on his life [son

To speak; concealment shall be sudden death;

But he who brings him forth, shall have reward

Beyond ambition's lust.

Tir. His name is Phorbas;

Jocasta knows him well: but if I may

Advise, rest where you are, and seek no farther.

OEd. Then all goes well, since Phorbas is secur'd

By my Jocasta. Haste, and bring him forth:

My love, my queen, give orders. Ha! what mean

These tears, and groans, and strugglings? Speak,

Why are thy troubles? [my fair,

Joc. Yours; and yours are mine:

Let me conjure you take the prophet's counsel,

And let this Phorbas go.

OEd. Not for the world.

By all the gods, I'll know my birth, though death

Attends the search: I have already past

The middle of the stream; and to return

Seems greater labour, than to venture o'er.

Therefore produce him.

Joc. Once more, by the gods,

I beg, my OEdipus, my lord, my life,

My love, my all, my only utmost hope,

I beg you, banish Phorbas: Oh, the gods,

I kneel, that you may grant this first request.

Deny me all things else; but for my sake,

And as you prize your own eternal quiet,

Never let Phorbas come into your presence. [pear,

OEd. You must be rais'd, and Phorbas shall ap-

Pho' his dread eyes were basilisks.—Guards, haste,

Search the queen's lodgings: find, and force him

hither. [Exit Guards.

Joc. Oh, OEdipus, yet send,

And stop their entrance, ere it be too late;

Unless you wish to see Jocasta rent

With furies, slain out-right with mere distraction,

Keep from your eyes and mine the dreadful Phorbas.

Forbear this search, I'll think you more than mor-

Will you not yet hear me? [tal.

OEd. Tempests will be heard,

And waves will dash, though rocks their basis keep.

But see, they enter. If thou truly lov'st me,

Either forbear this subject, or retire.

Enter Hæmon and Guards, with Phorbas,

Joc. Prepare then, wretched prince, prepare to

A story, that shall turn thee into stone. [hear

Could there be hewn a monstrous gap in nature,

A flaw made through the center, by some god,

Through which the groans of ghosts may strike thy

They will not wound thee as this story will. [ears,

Hark, hark! a hollow voice calls out aloud,

Jocasta! Yes, I'll to the royal bed,

Where first the mysteries of our loves were acted,

And double-dye it with imperial crimson;

Tear off this curling hair,

Be gorg'd with fire, stab every vital part,

And when at last I'm slain, to crown the horror,

My poor tormented ghost shall cleave the ground,

To try if hell can yet more deeply wound. [Exit.

OEd. She's gone; and as she went, methought

her eyes

Grew larger, while a thousand frantic spirits

Seething, like rising bubbles, on the brim,

Peep'd from the watery brink, and glow'd upon me.

I'll seek no more; but hush my genius up

That throws me on my fate.—Impossible!

Oh, wretched man, whose too, too busy thoughts,

Ride swifter than the galloping heav'n's round,

With an eternal hurry of the soul;

Nay, there's a time when e'en the rolling year

Seems to stand still, dead calms are in the ocean,

When not a breath disturbs the drowy waves;

But man, the very monster of the world,

Is ne'er at rest, the soul for ever wakes.

Come then, since destiny thus drives us on,

Let's know the bottom.—Hæmon, you I sent:

Where is that Phorbas?

Hæm. Here, my royal lord.

OEd. Speak first, Hæmon, say, is this the man?

Æge. My lord, it is: though time has plough'd

that face

With many furrows since I saw it first;

Yet I'm too well acquainted with the ground, quite

OEd. Peace! stand back a while. [to forget it.

Come hither, friend; I hear thy name is Phorbas.

Why dost thou turn thy face? I charge thee answer

To what I shall enquire: wert thou not once

The servant to King Laius here in Thebes? [want,

Phor. I was, great Sir, his true and faithful ser-

Born and bred up in court, no foreign slave.

OEd. What office hadst thou? What was thy

employment?

Phor. He made me lord of all his rural pleasures;

For much he lov'd them: oft I entertain'd

With sporting swains, o'er whom I had command.

OEd. Where was thy residence? To what part

o' th' country

Didst thou most frequently resort?

[lies
Phor. To Mount Cithæron, and the pleasant val-

Which all about lie shadowing it's large feet.

OEd. Come forth, Ægeon.—Ha! why start'st thou, Phorbas?

Forward, I say, and face to face to confront him;
Look wistly on him, through him, if thou canst,
And tell me on thy life; say, dost thou know him?
Diddst thou e'er see him? e'er converse with him
Near Mount Cithæron?

Pbor. Who, my lord, this man?

OEd. This man, this old, this venerable man:
Speak, didst thou ever meet him there?

Pbor. Where, sacred Sir?

OEd. Near Mount Cithæron; answer to the pur-
'Tis a king speaks; and royal minutes are [pose,
Of much more worth than thousand vulgar years:
Diddst thou e'er see this man near Mount Cithæron?

Pbor. Most sure, my lord, I have seen lines like those
His visage bears; but know not where nor when.

Æge. Is't possible you should forget your ancient
friend?

There are perhaps

Particulars, which may excite your dead remem-
Have you forgot I took an infant from you, [brance.
Doom'd to be murder'd in that gloomy vale?
The swaddling-bands were purple, wrought with gold.

Have you forgot too how you wrapt, and begg'd
That I should breed him up, and ask no more?

Pbor. Whate'er I begg'd, thou like a dotard speak'st
More than is requisite. And what of this?

Why is it mention'd now? And why, oh! why,
Dost thou betray the secrets of thy friend?

Æge. Be not too rash. That infant grew at last
A king; and here the happy monarch stands.

Pbor. Ha! whither would'st thou? Oh, what
hast thou utter'd!

For what thou hast said, death strike thee dumb
for ever!

OEd. Forbear to curse the innocent; and be
Accurs'd thyself, thou shifting traitor, villain,
Damn'd hypocrite, equivocating slave. [fended?

Pbor. Oh, heav'n's! wherein, my lord, have I of-

OEd. Why speak you not according to my charge?
Bring forth the rack: since mildness cannot win you,
Torments shall force.

Pbor. Hold, hold, oh, dreadful Sir;

You will not rack an innocent old man.

OEd. Speak then.

Pbor. Alas, what would you have me say? [fant?

OEd. Did this old man take from your arms an in-
Pbor. He did: and, oh, I wish to all the gods,
Phorbas had perish'd in that very moment.

OEd. Moment! Thou shalt be hours, days,
years, a dying.

Here, bind his hands; he dallies with my fury:

But I shall find a way—

Pbor. My lord, I said

I gave the infant to him.

OEd. Was he thy own, or given thee by another?

Pbor. He was not mine; but given me by another.

OEd. Whence? and from whom? What city?
Of what house?

Pbor. Oh, royal Sir, I bow me to the ground,
Would I could sink beneath it: by the gods,
I do conjure you to enquire no more. [rack,

OEd. Furies and hell!—Hæmon, bring forth the
Fetch hither cords, and knives, and sulphurous flames;
He shall be bound, and gall'd, his skin stead off,
And burnt alive.

Pbor. Oh, spare my age.

OEd. Rise then, and speak.

Pbor. Dread Sir, I will.

OEd. Who gave that infant to thee?

Pbor. One of King Laius' family.

OEd. Oh, you immortal gods! But say, who
Which of the family of Laius gave it? [was't?

Pbor. Oh, wretched state! I die, unless I speak;
And, if I speak, most certain death attends me!

OEd. Thou shalt not die. Speak then, who was
it? Speak,

While I have sense to understand the horror;

For I grow cold.

Pbor. The Queen Jocasta told me

It was her son by Laius.

OEd. Oh, you gods!—But did she give it thee?

Pbor. My lord, she did.

OEd. Wherefore? For what?—Oh, break not
yet my heart;

Though my eyes burst, no matter. Wilt thou tell
Or, must I ask for ever; for what end, [me,
Why gave she thee her child?

Pbor. To murder it.

OEd. Oh, more than savage! murder her own
Without a cause! [bowels!

Pbor. There was a dreadful one,
Which had foretold, that most unhappy son
Should kill his father, and enjoy his mother.

OEd. But one thing more.

Jocasta told me thou wert by the chariot
When the old king was slain. Speak, I conjure
For I shall never ask thee aught again, [thence,
What was the number of th' assassins?

Pbor. The dreadful deed was acted but by one;
And sure that one had much of your resemblance.

OEd. 'Tis well! I thank you, gods! 'tis won-
drous well!

Daggers, and poisons! Oh, there is no need
For my dispatch: and you, you mercilefs pow'rs,
Hoard up your thunder-stones; keep, keep your bolts
For crimes of little note. [Falls.

Ad. Help, Hæmon, help, and bow him gently
How fares my royal friend? [forward,

OEd. The worse for you.

Oh, barbarous men, and, oh, the hated sight,
Why did you force me back to curse the day;
To curse my friends; to blast with this dark breath
The yet untainted earth and circling air?
To raise new plagues, and call new vengeance down,
Why did you tempt the gods, and dare to touch me?
Stand from this spot, I wish you as my friends,
And come not near me, lest the gaping earth
Swallow you too—Lo, I am gone already.

[Draws, and claps his sword to his breast,
which Adrastus strikes away with his foot.

Ad. You shall no more be trusted with your life;
—Creon—Alcander—Hæmon, help to hold him.

OEd. Cruel Adrastus!—Wilt thou, Hæmon, too?
Are these the obligations of my friends?

Oh, worse than worst of my most barbarous foes!
Dear, dear Adrastus, look with half an eye

On my unheard of woes, and judge thyself,

If it be fit that such a wretch should live!

Oh, by these melting eyes, unus'd to weep,

With all the low submissions of a slave,

I do conjure thee give my horrors way;

Talk not of life, for that will make me rave:

As well thou may'st advise a tortur'd wretch,

All mangled o'er from head to foot with wounds,

And his bones broke, to wait a better day.

Ad. My lord, you ask me things impossible;

And I with justice should be thought your foe,

To leave you in this tempest of your soul. [reign;

Tir. Tho' banish'd Thebes, in Corinth you may

Th' infernal pow'rs themselves exact no more:

Calm then your rage, and once more seek the gods.

OEd. I'll have no more to do with gods, nor men!

Oh, that, as oft I have at Athens seen
The stage arise, and the big clouds descend;
So now in very deed I might behold
The pond'rous earth, and all yon marble roof
Meet, like the hand of Jove, and crush mankind!
Fall darkness then, and everlasting night
Shadow the globe; may the sun never dawn,
The silver moon be blotted from her orb;
And through the inmost chambers of the sky,
May there not be a glimpse, one starry spark,
But gods meet gods, and justice in the dark. *Exeunt.*

A C T V.

Enter Creon, Alcander and Pyracmon.

Cre. THEBES is at length my own; and all my wishes,

Which fure were great as royalty e'er form'd,
Fortune and my auspicious stars have crown'd,
O diadem, thou center of ambition,
Where all it's different lines are reconcil'd,
As if thou wert the burning-glass of glory!

Pyr. Might I be counsellor, I would intreat you
To cool a little, Sir: find out Eurydice;
And with the resolution of a man
Mark'd out for greatness, give the fatal choice
Of death or marriage.

Al. Survey curs'd OEdipus,
As one who tho' unfortunate, below'd,
Thought innocent, and therefore much lamented
By all the Thebans: you must mark him dead.

Cre. Well have you done, to snatch me from the
Of racking transport, where the little streams [storm
Of love, revenge, and all the under passions,
As waters are by sucking whirlpools drawn,
Were quite devour'd in the vast gulph of empire;
Therefore, Pyracmon, as you boldly urg'd,
Eurydice shall die, or be my bride.

—Alcander, summon to my master's aid
My menial servants, and all those whom change
Of state, and hope of the new monarch's favour,
Can wish to take our part. Away!—What now?

[*Exit Alcander.*]

Enter Hæmon.

When Hæmon weeps,
I may foretell there is a fatal cause.

Hæm. Is't possible you should be ignorant
Of what has happen'd to the desperate king?

Cre. I know no more but that he was conducted
Into his closet, where I saw him fling
His trembling body on the royal bed.
All left him there, at his desire, alone;
But sure no ill, unless he dy'd with grief,
Could happen, for you bore his sword away.

Hæm. I did; and having lock'd the door, I stood;
And through a chink I found, not only heard,
But saw him, when he thought no eye beheld him:
At first deep sighs heav'd from his woeful heart
Murmurs and groans that shook the outward rooms.
And art thou still alive, O wretch! he cry'd:
Then groan'd again, as if his sorrowful soul
Had crack'd the strings of life, and burst away.

Cre. I weep to hear; how then should I have griev'd,
Had I beheld this wond'rous heap of sorrow!

Hæm. Thrice he struck his hollow groaning breast,
And thus, with outcries, to himself complain'd.
But thou canst weep then, and thou think'st 'tis well.
These bubbles of the shallowest, emptiest sorrow,
Which children vent for toys, and women rain
For any trifle their fond hearts are set on;
Yet these thou think'st are ample satisfaction
For bloodiest murder, and for burning lust:
No, parricide; if thou must weep, weep blood;

Weep eyes instead of tears.—O, by the gods,
'I is greatly thought, he cry'd, and sits my woes,
Which said, he smil'd revengefully, and leapt
Upon the floor; thence gazing at the skies,
Take, eyes, he cry'd, your last, your farewell view;
Then with a groan, lifting his impious hands,
He snatch'd, he tore, from forth their bloody orbs,
The balls of sight, and dash'd them on the ground.

Cre. A master-piece of horror; new and dreadful!
Hæm. I ran to succour him; but, oh! too late;
For he had pluck'd the remnant strings away.
What then remains, but that I find Tiresias,
Who, with his wisdom, may allay those furies
That haunt his gloomy soul. [*Exit.*]

Enter Alcander attended.

Cre. I see thou hast been diligent.
Al. Nothing these,
For number, to the crowds that soon will follow.

Cre. Ha! thou hast given
Th' alarm to cruelty; and never may
These eyes be clos'd, till they behold Adrastus
Stretch'd at the feet of false Eurydice.
But see, they're here; retire a while, and mark.

Enter Adrastus and Eurydice attended.
Ad. Alas, Eurydice, what fond rash man,
What inconsiderate and ambitious fool,
That shall hereafter read the fate of OEdipus,
Will dare, with his frail hand, to grasp a sceptre?
Eur. 'Tis true, a crown seems dreadful, and I wish
That you and I, more lowly plac'd, might pass
Our softer hours in humble cells away.

Ad. Take then this most low'd innocence away;
Fly from tumultuous Thebes, from blood and murder;
Fly from the author of all villainies,
Rapes, death, and treason; from that fury Creon.
Vouchsafe that I, o'er-joy'd, may bear you hence,
And at your feet present the crown of Argos.

[*Creon and Attendants come up.*]

Cre. I have o'er-heard thy black design, Adrastus,
And therefore as a traitor to this state,
Death ought to be thy lot: let it suffice
That Thebes surveys thee as a prince; abuse not
Her proffer'd mercy, but retire betimes,
Lest the repent, and hasten on thy doom.

Ad. Think not, most abject,
Most abhor'd of men,
Adrastus will vouchsafe to answer thee.
—Thebans, to you I justify my love:
I have address'd my pray'r to this fair princess;
But, if I ever meant a violence,
Or thought to ravish, as that traitor did,
What humblest adorations could not win;
Brand me, you gods, blot me with foul dishonour,
And let men curse me by the name of Creon!

Eur. Hear me, O Thebans, if you dread the wrath
Of her whom fate ordain'd to be your queen;
Hear me, and dare not, as you prize your lives,
To take the part of that rebellious traitor.
By the decree of royal OEdipus,
By Queen Jocasta's order, by what's more,
My own dear vows of everlasting love,
I here resign to Prince Adrastus' arms
All that the world can make me mistress of.

Cre. O, perjur'd woman!
Draw all! and when I give the word fall on.
Traitor, resign the princess.

Ad. No, villain, no;
With twice those odds of men,
I doubt not in this cause to vanquish thee.

Cre. Fall on, Alcander.
Ad. Ah, traitor, dost thou shun me?—Follow, follow,
My brave companions, see the cowards fly. [*Low,*
[*Ex. fighting. Creon's party beaten off by Ad.*]

Enter OEdipus.

OED. O, 'tis too little this, thy loss of sight,
What has it done? I shall be gaz'd at now
The more; be pointed at, There goes the monster!
Nor have I hid my horrors from myself;
For tho' corporeal light be lost for ever,
The bright reflecting soul, through glaring opticks,
Presents in larger size her black ideas,
Doubling the bloody prospects of my crimes.
Hence, incest, murder; hence, you ghastly figures!
O gods! gods, answer; is there any means?
Let me go mad, or die.

Enter Jocasta.

Joc. Where, where is this most wretched of man-
This stately image of imperial sorrow? [kind,
OED. By all my fears, I think Jocasta's voice!
Hence; fly; be gone.

Far as the east, west, north, or south of Heav'n;
But think not thou shalt ever enter there:
The golden gates are barr'd with adamant,
'Gainst thee, and me; and the celestial guards,
Hence, incest, murder; hence, you ghastly figures!
Still as we rise, will dash our spirits down.

Joc. In spite of all those crimes the cruel gods
Can charge me with, I know my innocence.
Know yours: 'tis fate alone that makes us wretched,
For you are still my husband.

OED. Swear I am.

And I'll believe thee; steal into thy arms,
Renew endearments, think them no pollutions,
But chaste as spirits' joys.

[*The ghost of Laius ascends by degrees, pointing to Jocasta.*

Joc. Be gone, my lord! Alas, what are we doing,
Fly from my arms!

Oh, thrice happy thou,
Who hast no use of eyes; for here's a sight
Would turn the melting face of mercy's self
To a will's fury.

OED. Ha! what seest thou there?

Joc. The spirit of my husband! Oh, the gods!
How wan he looks!

OED. Thou saw'st; thy husband's here.

Joc. There, there he mounts
In circling fire among the blushing clouds!
And see, he waves Jocasta from the world!

Ghost. Jocasta, OEdipus. [Vanish with thunder.

OED. What would'st thou have?

Thou know'st I cannot come to thee, detain'd
In darkness here, and kept from means of death.

Joc. Was that a raven's croak, or my son's voice?
No matter which; I'll to the grave and hide me:
Earth, open, or I'll tear thy bowels up.

Hark! he goes on, and b'abs the deed of incest.

OED. Strike then, imperial ghost; dash all at once
This house of clay into a thousand pieces;
That my poor ling'ring soul may take her flight
To your immortal dwellings.

Joc. Haste thee then,
Or I shall be before thee: see! thou canst not see;
Then I will tell thee that my wings are on:
I'll mount, I'll fly, and with a port divine
Glide all along the gaudy milky foil,
To find my Laius out: my murder'd Laius!

OED. Ha! how's this, Jocasta?

Nay, if thy brain be sick, then thou art happy.

Joc. Ha! will you not? Shall I not find him out?
Will you not shew him? Are my tears despis'd?
Why, then I'll thunder; yes, I will be mad,
And fright you with my cries: yes, cruel gods,
Though vultures, eagles, dragons tear my heart,
I'll snatch celestial flames, fire all your dwellings,
Melt down your golden roofs, and make your doors
Of crystal fly from off their diamond hinges;

Drive you all out from your ambrosial hives,
To swarm like bees about the field of heav'n;
This will I do, unless you shew me Laius,
My dear, my murder'd lord.—Oh, Laius! Laius!
Laius!

[*Exit.*

OED. Excellent grief! why, this as it should be!
No mourning can be suitable to crimes
Like ours, but what death makes, or madness forms.
But what's all this to thee? Thou, coward, yet
Art living, canst not, wilt not find the road
To the great palace of magnificent death;
Though thousand ways lead to his thousand doors,
Which day and night are still unbarr'd for all.

[*Clashing of swords: drums and trumpets without.*
Hark! 'tis the noise of clashing swords! the sound
Comes near: Oh, that a battle would come o'er me!
If I but grasp a sword, or wrest a dagger,
I'll make a ruin with the first that falls.

Enter Hæmon, with Guards.

Hæm. Seize him, and bear him to the western
Pardon me, sacred Sir; I am inform'd [tow'r.
That Creon has designs upon your life:
Forgive me then, if, to preserve you from him,
I order your confinement.

OED. Slaves unhand me.

I think thou hast a sword: 'twas the wrong side,
Yet, cruel Hæmon, think not I will live;
He that could tear his eyes out, sure can find
Some desperate way to stifle this curs'd breath.

[*Exit.*

Hæm. Follow me all, and help to part this fray,
Or fall together in the bloody broil. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Creon with Eurydice, Pyracmon, and his
Party, giving Ground to Adrastus.*

Cre. Hold, hold your arms, Adrastus, prince of
Hear, and behold; Eurydice is my prisoner. [Argos,

Ad. What wouldst thou, hell-hound?

Cre. See this brandish'd dagger:

Forego th' advantage which thy arms have won,
Or, by the blood which trembles through the heart,
Of her whom more than life I know thou lov'st,
I'll bury to the hilt, in her fair breast,
This instrument of my revenge. [bloody hand.

Ad. Stay thee, damn'd wretch: hold, stop thy

Cre. Give order then, that on this instant, now,
This moment, all thy soldiers straight disband.

Ad. Away, my friends, since fate has so allotted;
Be gone, and leave me to the villain's mercy.

Eur. Ah, my Adrastus! call 'em, call 'em back!
Stand there; come back. O, cruel, barbarous men!
Could you then leave your lord, your prince your
After so bravely having fought his cause, [kings,

To perish by the hand of this base villain?

Why rather rush you not at once together
All to his ruin? drag him through the streets,
Hang his contagious quarters on the gates;
Nor let my death affright you.

Cre. Die first thyself then.

Ad. O, I charge thee hold.

Hence from my presence all: he's not my friend
That disobeys—See, art thou now appear'd?

Cre. Forego thy sword, and yield thyself my
prisoner.

Eur. Yet while there's any dawn of hope to save
Thy precious life, my dear Adrastus,

Whate'er thou dost, deliver not thy sword:
With that thou may'st get off, tho' odds oppose thee:
His horrid love will spare me. For me, O fear not.

Ad. Instruct me, gods, what shall Adrastus do?

Cre. Do what thou wilt, when she is dead: my
soldiers

With numbers will o'er-pow'r thee. Is't thy wish
Eurydice should fall before thee?

Ad. Traitor, no:
Better that thou, and I, and all mankind,
Should be no more.

Cre. Then cast thy sword away,
And yield thee to my mercy, or I strike. [pause.]

Ad. Hold thy rais'd arm; give me a moment's
My father, when he blest me, gave me this;
My son, said he, let this be thy last refuge;
If thou forego'st it, misery attends thee:
Yet love now charms it from me.

'Tis thine, my faithful sword; my only trust;
Though my heart tells me, that my gift is fatal.

Cre. Fatal! yes, foolish, love-sick prince, it shall:
Thy arrogance, thy scorn, my wound's remembrance,
Turn, all at once, the fatal point upon thee.

—Pyrramon, to the palace; dispatch
The king: hang Hæmon up; for he is loyal,
And will oppose me.—Come, Sir, are you ready?

Ad. Yes, villain, for whatever thou canst dare.

Eur. Hold, Creon! or thro' me, thro' me you
wound.

Ad. Off, Madam, or we perish both. Behold,
I'm not unarm'd; my poignard's in my hand:

Therefore, away—
Eur. I'll guard your life with mine.

Cre. Die both, then; there is now no time for
dallying. [Kills Eurycle.]

Eur. Ah, prince, farewell! farewell, my dear
Adrastus. [Dies.]

Ad. Unheard-of monster! eldest-born of hell!
Down to thy primitive flame, [Stabs Creon.]

Cre. Help, soldiers, help!
Revenge me!

Ad. More, yet more; a thousand wounds!
I'll stab thee still, thus, to the gaping furies.

[Adrastus falls, killed by the soldiers.
Enter Hæmon, Guards, with Alcander and Pyrramon bound; the Assassins are driven off.]
Oh, Hæmon, I am slain! nor need I name
Th' inhuman author of all villainies;
There he lies gasping.

Cre. If I must plunge in flames,
Burn first my arm; base instrument, unfit
To act the dictates of my daring mind.
Burn, burn for ever. Oh, weak substitute
Of that, the god, ambition! [Dies.]

Ad. She's gone—Oh, deadly marksman! in the
heart!

Yet in the pangs of death she grasps my hand:
Her lips, too, tremble, as if she would speak
Her last farewell. Oh, OEdipus, thy fall
Is great! and nobly now thou go'st attended.
They talk of pleasures in the other world:
Let me but find her there; I ask no more. [Dies.]

Enter a Captain to Hæmon, with Tiresias and Manto.

Cap. Oh, Sir, the queen, Jocasta, swift and wild
As a robb'd tygres bounding o'er the woods,
Has acted murders that amaze mankind.
In twisted gold I saw her daughters hang
On the bed royal, and her little sons
Stabb'd through the breasts upon the bloody pillows.

Hæm. Relentless Heav'n's! Is then the fate of
Never to be aton'd. How sacred ought
Kings' lives be held, when but the death of one
Demands an empire's blood for expiation!
But see, the furious, mad Jocasta's here.

SCENE draws, and discovers Jocasta held by her
Women.

Was ever yet a sight of so much horror
And pity brought to view!

Joc. Ah, cruel women!

Will you not let me take my last farewell
Of those dear babes? Oh, let me run and seal
My melting soul upon their bubbling wounds!
I'll print upon their coral mouths such kisses,
As shall recal their wand'ring spirits home.
Let me go, or I will tear you piece-meal.
Help, Hæmon, help!
Help, OEdipus! help, gods! Jocasta dies!

Enter OEdipus above.

OEd. I've found a window; and, I thank the gods,
'Tis quite unbarr'd. Sure, by the distant noise,
The height will fit my fatal purpose well. [Stands!]

Joc. What, ho, my OEdipus! See where he
His groping ghost is lodg'd upon a tow'r,
Nor can it find the road. Mount, mount, my soul!
I'll wrap thy shiv'ring spirit in lambent flames; and so
But see, we're landed on the happy coast; [we'll sail.
And all the golden strands are cover'd o'er
With glorious gods, that come to try our cause.

Jove, Jove, whose majesty now sinks me down,
He who himself burns in unlawful fires,
Shall judge, and shall acquit us. Oh, 'tis done! [Dies.]

OEd. Speak, Hæmon, what has fate being doing
there?

What dreadful deed has mad Jocasta done?
Hæm. The queen herself, and all your wretched
Are by her fury slain. [offspring,]

OEd. By all my woes,
She has out-done me in revenge and murder;
And I should envy her the sad applause;
But, oh, my children! Oh, what have they done?
This was not like the mercy of the heav'n's,
To set her madness on such cruelty.

This stirs me more than all my sufferings,
And with my last breath I must call you tyrants,

Hæm. What mean you, Sir?

OEd. Jocasta, lo, I come?
Oh, Laius, Labdacus, and all you spirits
Of the Cadmean race, prepare to meet me!
All weeping, rang'd along the gloomy shore,
Extend your arms to embrace me; for I come.
May all the gods, too, from their battlements,
Behold, and wonder at a mortal's daring;
And when I knock the goal of dreadful death,
Shout, and applaud me with a clap of thunder.
Once more, thus wing'd by horrid fate, I come
Swift as a falling meteor; lo, I fly,
And thus go downwards to the darker sky.

[Thunder. He flings himself from the window.
The Thebans gather about his body.]

Hæm. Oh, prophet! OEdipus is now no more!
Oh, curs'd effect of the most deep despair!

Tir. Cease your complaints, and bear his body hence;
The dreadful sight will daunt the drooping Thebans,
Whom Heav'n decrees to raise with peace and glory.
Yet, by these terrible examples warn'd,
The sacred fury thus alarms the world.
Let none, tho' ne'er so virtuous, great, and high,
Be judg'd entirely blest'd before they die,

